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Editorial

In the last issue of the *Dublin Magazine* there appeared an article on "The Problem of Government," by Mr. John H. Humphreys, in which he analysed the experience of various countries since the War in respect of the manner in which governments have been formed and sustained where no one party had a majority of the seats in parliament. He appealed for a closer study of this question, an adequate solution of which is of vital importance to democratic countries, and suggested that success or failure depended upon the extent of the co-ordination of three great principles—freedom to apply the human mind to political and economic problems; justice, including the equitable representation of the citizens in parliament; and co-operation of parties in carrying through policies for which the nation was ready. In the course of the article Mr. Humphreys pointed out that these experiments in post-war government were of different types. In Belgium the government consisted of all the main parties; it was a national government. In Germany the Government consisted of several parties, and in all the German governments since the war the middle parties had exercised a great influence. In Sweden the government consisted of one party, the middle, but smallest of the three main groups.

The Editor has received comments upon this article from various publicists. One of the most interesting is that sent by Gunnar Gyllander, a Swedish political writer, who gives further information with regard to his native country. His communication is printed in full. None of the experiments so far made can be regarded as supplying a solution appropriate to all times and places. It is, however, clear that democratic countries are step by step working out the problems arising from the presence of more than two parties. Other communications have been received by the Editor, and from these some extracts are given.

From **GUNNAR GYLLANDER**—*Swedish Political Writer*.

Mr. J. H. Humphreys, in his interesting article in the previous number of the *Dublin Magazine*, says that "in Sweden, where at this moment no one party has a majority, Liberals, the smallest of the three large parties, alone provide the Ministry." The Government party—or, more correctly, the two closely allied Liberal Government parties—comprise indeed practically only 32 of the 230 members of the Lower House. Nevertheless, the Ekman Ministry during its twelve-month existence has maintained its position not without success, and in this respect will well bear comparison with preceding ministries from one or other of the great flank parties. It has suffered various defeats, it is true, but it has been more or less able to follow a policy on its own lines, while the preceding Social Democratic and Conservative Ministries were overthrown when they tried to be themselves—before that they kept themselves afloat by pursuing a Liberal policy (compare the MacDonald Ministry).

How then is this possible? The power of the Ekman Ministry is due to the central position of the Liberal parties. The political centre of gravity falls within their territory. By means of support, sometimes from the Right and sometimes from the Left, it has been able to maintain a majority for its proposals, and has not been obliged to the same extent as preceding Governments to make compromises with the neighbouring parties. Government on these lines has been possible owing to the intermediate position of the Liberals, who have thus been able to hold the balance. The position was summed up by the Premier, Mr. Ekman, in a recent speech, in which, after enumerating a number of reforms carried through by the Government, he felt himself able to say: "In no single case has the Government in a spirit of opportunism deserted a fundamental doctrine of its own in the department concerned. . . From the standpoint of the general weal there should be no subject for complaint that the Government has not tried to seek a parliamentary majority by means of stipulations made beforehand."

Nevertheless, it is in no way possible to conclude from what has been said that the Ekman Ministry has complete

command of parliament. Since 1920, Sweden has been governed, as a rule, by short-lived flank governments in a minority; and consequently parliament has shown a certain tendency to take the leadership into its own hands by means of its committees. It is as yet too early to express an opinion as to whether the present ministry will be able to bring about an improvement in this respect. But it is of interest to note that, in spite of the reverses to which it has been exposed, there has been no concerted attempt to overthrow it. This would pre-suppose co-operation between parties to the Right and parties to the Left of the Liberals; and who would be able to form a Ministry afterwards? The co-operating flank parties can scarcely form a coalition (the Belgian Government is an exception, of course, and perhaps in reality must be regarded as a Government of the Centre); and, of ministries formed by one or other of the flank parties in a minority, we seem to have had more than enough in Sweden.

But why not strengthen the power of the Government by a Coalition Ministry? Against this proposal the objection may be made that coalition ministries—which may be necessary in extraordinary situations—under normal conditions may easily impose too great a strain on members of the Government who believe in the principles they profess, and they may give to the Government parties a position which is neither clear nor independent. Under a coalition, a treatment of business which is really sound from the point of view of those taking part, is often impossible in Parliament, and, perhaps very often, will have been already rendered impossible by its previous treatment in the coalition cabinet. It is self-evident that a Cabinet composed of members of one single party is superior to a coalition ministry in internal strength. It is also self-evident, on the other hand, that a ministry that commands a fixed parliamentary majority has still greater parliamentary strength. But if that majority be obtained by means of a coalition of parties, it does not appear to be able to hold together for very long: it is too much “against nature,” inasmuch as it compels the centre party constantly to “dress right” or “dress left,” and to abstain from its position as mediator.

The weakening of the governmental power that has of late years been discernible in many countries should not, of course, lead us to close our eyes to the fact that a government resting on parliamentary support may become too strong, and become an organ for oppressing minorities. Is there not something attractive in the system now prevailing in Sweden, by which, in the course of the same session the parties to the right and to the left of the Government alternatively co-operate in bringing about positive decisions even in party questions? The parties not in office have not only the right of criticism, but can also form an integral part in the victorious majority. Here we have the proportional principle applied not only in the matter of the constituencies, but also in that of the elected parliament: in the former case the votes of practically all the electors are utilised; in the latter all the votes of the members of Parliament. In both quarters the "All or Nothing" system is abolished. A Government of the Centre—although not bound to right or left and uniform in itself, is an accumulator of the will of parliament, a logical consequence of the proportional idea. When parliament consists of several minor parties, power piles itself up, so to speak, in the middle of the parliament, thereby augmenting the chances of a straight course. I remember that our eminent expert in proportionalism, Mr. Nore Tenow, made a striking comparison between a parliament in which the proportional system had been put into force and a pyramid with the Government at the apex. This presupposes, indeed, an absolutely fair method of voting in parliament. A proposal which is at bottom one that can rally all parties must not be fought out in a preliminary vote. Mr. Tenow has, indeed, worked out a method of proportional voting which provides safeguards against tactical manoeuvres in the divisions.

A good system of proportional representation secures a parliament that reflects the popular will, or rather the popular wills, in a country. If no "popular will" is predominant, the Government ought by preference not to serve many masters at the same time—a coalition government—but find its support in the middle of parliament, whose views also form the mean between the several "popular wills." It

need not involve any inconvenience that such a government has not a fixed parliamentary majority at its disposal, but must make it a point of honour to govern the country not only by force of persuading the people, like Gladstone, but also by force of persuading an independent and shifting majority in parliament.

Here I presuppose that party relations are not chaotic: if parliament has no consistent will of its own, of course, no parliamentary government at all can exist. Such inter-regna, of course, will be unavoidable sometimes—until the parliament has managed to adapt itself to the multi-party system—but people generally grow out of the ailments of childhood."

From the Editorial Article in "KARLSTADS-TIDNINGEN" (Karlstad), (9th August, 1927)—Ed. MAURITZ HELLBERG, Member of the Riksdag.

In . . . West European countries no party has a majority, and Governments must express the wishes of Parliament and the nation, and where necessary, give them a new direction. These governments are not perfect, and their greatest difficulty is that parties are unwilling to give first place to the immediate needs of the nation.

One may object to the writer on the grounds that he is an ardent proportionalist and so takes a biased view. There is, however, sense in his view that the political leadership of a country should not be determined by the play of chance, but by the choice of the majority, and that representation should be "fair representation." The will of the people fairly expressed, and not distorted by capricious "pendulum-swings," should be the basis of government. From this basis it is necessary to work until the form of co-operation most suitable and most adaptable to changes in conditions is found. This may be a national all-party government, as in Belgium, or a minority government, as in Sweden. But the essential requirement binding on all parties is co-operation for the object which is seen to be the country's immediate need. There must be more responsibility in party politics. It does no good, but only harm, to act at random. At the moment this is certainly the chief failing with us."

The Hon. R. P. PARANJPYE (*formerly Minister of Education, Bombay Presidency*).

I fully agree with his [the writer's] plea for proportional representation, and consider it peculiarly suited to the condition of India

The result [of communal representation] has been to eliminate all who take a liberal view of communal and religious questions and to encourage candidates to lay special stress on the differences that separate various groups rather than on the points—and they are many—which are common to all. . . .

I have no doubt that if Democratic institutions are to work successfully in India they must be based upon freedom, justice and co-operation, and this can be best effected by the acceptance of P.R. in India."

Dr. ADOLF TECKLENBURG (*German Political Writer*).

If democracy shows imperfections, why not endeavour in the first place to correct the principal foundation of parliament and government?

The way is indicated by a celebrated English publicist, H. G. Wells, especially as regards the existing electoral methods; it is the co-operation of the intellectual people of the world to modernise the political institutions and to convert "this crudity and imperfection in what we call "democracy" at the present time."

Sir J. FISCHER WILLIAMS, K.C., C.B.E. (*Paris*).

The problem of government is the problem of the political organisation of society; it admits of no one general answer valid for all peoples at all times. The organisation of a government is a function of the stage of material civilisation which a country has reached and of the psychical development of the community.

In the Western World during the nineteenth century, and for the first fourteen years at least of the twentieth, it was the accepted doctrine that systems of government calling

for the consent and even the co-operation of the great mass of the population are appropriate to higher stages of civilisation. This assumption has lately been called in question, but the validity of the challenge can only be accepted if the condition of the attainment of a higher stage of general civilisation is put aside.

Once this general consent and co-operation are admitted to be desirable, they can be achieved, in modern conditions of large national communities, by representative assemblies alone. Therefore, the question of methods of representation becomes a part of this general problem of government and a far more important part than many students of politics in the past and in the present have been willing to allow; on this point of the importance of questions of representation—whatever may be thought of the merits of P.R.—the view of John Stuart Mill is profoundly true.

When, then, we discuss the comparative merits of various methods of representation, it is of vital importance to take into account the stage reached in material civilisation and mental development. The one and only argument against P.R. to which any validity can be allowed—the argument, this is that one political party must at any given time have a strong and disciplined majority in the Assembly in order to govern—it is in substance an argument that if a people be allowed to represent itself with reasonable accuracy it will produce an assembly incapable not merely of carrying on the daily work of government which no assembly can successfully undertake, but of constituting a government which will faithfully interpret the wishes of the majority of the assembly and maintaining that government in power for a normal period. A people which allows that argument to prevail admits that it has not yet attained full capacity for self-government."

From LORD PHILLIMORE, British Jurist and Authority on International Law.

The whole matter of the election of representatives I regard as empirical. Even the question whether, by any form of election of representatives, you give effect to the

true opinion of a constituent body seems to me a matter of doubt.

Up till now representative government has been the best mode yet discovered of giving effect to the rule of the totality, or the majority, of a nation, or of any other constituent body ; but it has many defects, and has broken down already in several countries.

Again, among forms of representation, the different modes of obtaining representatives by election seem also to be empirical.

In some cases and for some purposes elections by majorities are the best. They, at any rate in the case of Party Government, prevent the trumpet from giving an uncertain sound.

But on the other hand, if there are 9 constituencies, and in 5 of them the members of one party get returned by majorities of 5 per cent., and in the other 4 the members of the other party get returned by majorities of 50 per cent., the quantum of each of the 9 constituencies being equal, it is obvious that the ultimate return will give power to the minority and not to the majority.

Coming down to the particular subject of Mr. Humphreys' article, I could say that the result of last year's election to the Council by the Assembly has been unsatisfactory, and that proportional representation effected by the method of a single transferable vote would appear to be an experiment worth trying, as being likely to produce a better result.

From Dr. LEONIDAS PITAMIC, Professor at Ljubljana University, Yugo-Slavia.

I have read the very interesting article on "The Problem of Government" in your magazine, by Mr. John H. Humphreys. I highly appreciate the noble ideas which have induced Mr. Humphreys to write this article, and I think also that the great principles of freedom, justice and co-operation ought to rule in the League of Nations as well as in all the national governments. Proportional representation

may be in many countries the right way to attain this aim. But there is a great variety of systems of proportional representation. In order to give an opinion one ought to know which system is suggested. May I say that, in my opinion, the advantages of an electoral system depend not only upon mathematical and juridical views, but also upon the degree of civilisation, political maturity and tradition of the nation ; further, upon the social, national and religious structure of the State, its administrative system and the distribution of competences between the Central Parliament and the Local or Provincial Assemblies.

From Professor LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON, Harvard University, U.S.A.

My comment on Mr. Humphreys' article in your July-September number need not be long, for I am unqualifiedly in agreement with his elemental yet profoundly important observations and suggestions. And they apply to my own country, the United States of America, and its many sub-divisions as certainly as to the countries which he names.

If I were to venture any supplement to Mr. Humphreys' paper, I should point out that hardly less fundamental than the three requisites of government (freedom, justice and co-operation), which Mr. Humphreys rightly stresses, is a fourth one, patience.

Little steady and satisfactory progress can be hoped for without patience, particularly on the part of students and critics of government—a patience arising not by any means from stolid, spiritless, cynical or despairing attitude towards evils and imperfections in governmental institutions, but quite the contrary: a patience arising from rational matured standards of judgment, a perception of what still needs to be done, and a realization of the time necessarily still required for a world even now only about fifteen or twenty decades advanced in serious efforts to bring democracy actually into being ; and the past ten decades have done more to make democracy possible, as well as necessary, than perhaps all the previous progress of the world put together.

We have thus far made only beginnings. Costly, indispensable and creditable as these beginnings have been, they are yet

only beginnings, and so fragmentary as to be still largely sterile, not to say self-defeating. All of which is neither to be wondered at nor to be regarded as disappointing. It is not a short step from the old despotisms, nor even from the present day half worked out republics and limited monarchies, to the full satisfactions normally to be expected by and for everybody from a democracy fully and consistently worked out, in economic as well as in political lines.

Moreover, there are clear evidences that our progress in this very direction may be and in fact is accelerating in speed and certainty. In this respect it is much like the hardly older movement, modern science, and to be normally rapid and satisfying it must doubtless employ the same methods as modern science. One feature of these methods is a dogged refusal to be discouraged or disheartened by imperfections in achievements thus far won, accompanied by unremitting search for causes of disappointing results and making changes accordingly as fast as conditions will permit.

This is a process as essential for institutions of permanent indispensability like representative government or the League of Nations as for the possibly much more ephemeral steam engine or locomotive. Mr. Humphreys, following in the footsteps of Thomas Hare and John Stuart Mill, is doing precisely this invaluable service in the field of representative government.

But, as all will readily agree, political institutions may be carried to their very highest conceivable perfection and still leave popular self-government as exposed as ever to risk of discredit. Economic matters also have to be reckoned with, and it is by its degree of success in working out satisfying conditions of life that any political system must stand or fall.

Political institutions have risen to the extent of their possibilities when they have established the maximum incentive to the development of individual and general comprehension of public needs; and an essential part of this incentive is such freedom, justice and promotion of conference and co-operation as is afforded by proportional representation. It is, however, no argument against political institutions and the urgent importance of perfecting them that there are also the unrelentingly pressing economic matters. Moreover, correct political arrange-

ments are essential alike for protection against unsound and premature economic change and for requisite progress in sound, just and satisfying improvements in the conditions of living.

Meanwhile, let no one fall into the error of demanding or expecting of a political mechanism, whether universal suffrage, universal education, representative government, proportional representation or the League of Nations, that it shall be an automatic, instantaneous eradication of old fears, hates, follies and prejudices, and a fool-proof, knave-proof substitute for individual vigilance, wisdom and devotion to the common good !

From Mr. C. G. HOAG, Hon. Sec.. P.R. League, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Mr. Humphreys' article is concerned with a very important problem, the problem of maintaining responsible government in nations in which opinions and interests vary as widely as they must under modern conditions.

Great Britain, which still bases its governments on the preponderance of local majorities—a system of representation which usually favours the largest party—finds that basis more and more unstable. France, in the hope of securing stability at any cost, recently modified her system of representation so as to favour the larger parties—deliberately and arbitrarily—still more. From this sowing, however, she has reaped only the greater instability that results from unnatural political combinations made and unmade solely to win the seats offered by the law as a prize for combining.

In civil engineering men are wise enough to study the realities of conflicting and cohesive forces and to build their structures accordingly. In civil government some of them are so foolish as to trust to chance—the lottery of local majorities—while others, more naively still, trust to the cohesion of particles that are united only by the desire to be seen together until the prizes are passed around.

This, if I understand him aright, is what Mr. Humphreys' article teaches. And the lesson is not for Great Britain and France only : it should be heeded also by my own state and my own nation. For though we do not have responsible cabinet government, we have great need for a sound system of representation.

From the Irish

By AODH DE BLACAM.

I.—A CROMLECH.

Ceist a chuirim ort, a chloch.

A question for you, Stone !—What evil deed did you do, that left you lying here in the heather, a laughing stock to the world ?

The druid wand of the Greek king's son left me lying in the heather thus—thousands of years in wind and rain, frost and snow, heat and dew.

II.—A FOLK SONG.

A Nóra an chéil ómraigh.

O Nora of the amber hair, my grief I may not put . . . my hand beneath your head or in the bosom of your mantle ; 'tis you, my dear, that left my head . . . without an ounce of wisdom ; and oh !—I'd fly beyond the wave with you, my secret darling.

O movement of my heart within, let you not now deceive me ; for you did swear you'd marry me without a worldly farthing : I'd walk across the dew with you, and hardly bend the grasses ; and Nora of the amber hair, your mouth I would be kissing.

Upon the river's farther side abides my shining treasure ; it is her heavy amber hair that set my features paling ; that He will turn the wind again I pray the King of Sunday, until I see my cattle go the road where dwells my dear one.

III.—ANOTHER.

A Mháire bheag de Barra.

Maureen de Barra, you have murdered the mind in me ; you stripped me of hope without my folk's knowing ; when I lie on my bed 'tis of you I am dreaming ; and rising at morning, how you wounded the heart in me.

I hoped I would win you with words and with kisses ; I hoped I would win you with vows on the Missal ; I hoped I would win you when the barley was speckled ; but the New Year came in and you still left me grieving.

It's sweet for the land that ever you walked on ; it's sweet for the land where you ever sang verses ; it's sweet for the land where you lie under blankets ; and oh ! . . . it's sweet for him whomsoever you'll marry.

I gave you, I gave you, I gave you my heart's love, in the chapel the feast day of Mary of candles ; your grey eye was brighter than dew on the grasses ; your mouth was more sweet than the stare and she singing.

IV.—A PRIEST'S EPIGRAM.

Tráth sínfear tú 'gus mise leat.

When you and I are laid together in the narrow prison roofed with sods,

Verily it shall be said above us : *Here is the end of the high learning of Eire.*

Exhortation

BY ALEC BROWN.

Idle, oh, vain, these fine furtive
Eyes in warm face set, to see
Turning in blind circles for a burning
Flight from binding reality ;

Measuring the high, hot,
Same cell walls, as each day
Dawning, gaunt, taunts, with end,
By fell morning light, of play

Of thought in dream, delight at will
To soothe, allay, with soft escape
Vain, oh, idle, these fine, furtive
Eyes' ceaseless seeking to escape

This waking flesh, these same frail
Meetings and wards you weave to veil
In dream remembered ; yet by seeming
Real, that inveigle to fear and fail !

The Exploration of the Future

By WILLIAM FEARON.

In his short biography of the late Enoch Soames (*Seven Men*, 1919), Mr. Max Beerbohm has described the unusual escapade of his subject, who claimed as the result of some infernal compact to have been able to visit the reading-room of the British Museum one hundred years hence. Soames was anxious to learn how his work would stand in the opinion of posterity, and finding that it had escaped all recognition was so chagrined that he disappeared into retirement.

Mr. Beerbohm thoughtfully observes that as a result of his biographical note students one hundred years later will be on the look out for the appearance of Soames in the British Museum, and doubtless methods will be adopted to record the event.

Mr. Beerbohm has raised a problem of universal importance. If it were possible, even occasionally, to obtain access to the future, the entire course of civilisation would be changed. The scientific investigator might be spared a deal of futile research. The statesman might be provided with an assured national policy. The ordinary man, whose modesty forbids such exalted aspirations, might find some consolation in the fortune which would accrue from the certain knowledge of the state of the share market or the race-course results of a week hence. Indeed, it might be boldly asserted that twenty seconds of to-morrow were better than twenty hours of to-day.

A dim belief in the power of being able to anticipate time has shown itself throughout the past. It has set the seal of plausibility on the warrant of the prophets; it has encouraged the matutinal publication of horoscopes (now, alas, discontinued) in *The Daily Sketch*; it finds expression in the several forms of divination practised in all ages, from the Roman sooth-sayer inspecting the viscera of the sacred beast to the modern politician expiscating his own heart. Such a belief recently encouraged several commission agents of the turf to wait upon the manager of a Dublin theatre, and urge him to restrict the activities of a clairvoyant who had obligingly promised to predict the results of an important horse race. What higher tribute could our commercial age offer?

The significance of this belief in the power of prognostication

¹ *An Experiment with Time.* By J. W. Dunne. (London: A. & C. Black, 1927. Pp. 208. 8s. 6d.)

is shown in the many attempts made to rationalise the alleged phenomena, and explain them in terms of psychology. And now, at last, it would seem that an exact way of exploring the future may be attainable; a way that is neither occult nor abnormal.

In a book recently published (*An Experiment with Time*), the author, Mr. J. W. Dunne, has recorded the results of some unusual dream episodes, which were "displaced in time." That is to say, they preceded events that appeared to be their logical causes.

Such dreams are not uncommon, but their fulfilment is usually ignored or ascribed to coincidence. They are not necessarily dreams foreboding disaster or important events. They may merely contain images or episodes which have not yet entered into conscious experience along the normal paths of the senses, but which will enter experience during the course of time. The problem has nothing to do with psycho-analysis, it is entirely one of temporal displacement.

Mr. Dunne collects a series of these displaced dreams, and satisfies himself that the displacement is not a delusion due to an identifying paramnesia, a false memory of an imaginary dream. He does not seek for any supernormal explanation in terms of telepathy, astral projection, or clairvoyance; but starts his investigation in the belief that the displacement has its origin in some hitherto unrecognised aspect of the perceptive process.

This leads him to examine the familiar notion of progress in Time as motion in a fourth dimension. Out of this he develops most ingeniously the conception of an infinite Time series associated with a serial Observer. The argument is plausible, and is freely illustrated by diagrams. It can be followed by the general reader, although, I suspect, the conclusions reached require some mathematical training for their critical appreciation.

"1. Every Time-travelling field of presentation is contained within a field one dimension larger, travelling in another dimension of Time, the larger field covering events which are 'past' and 'future,' as well as 'present' to the smaller field." (p. 151).

"2. The serialism of the fields of presentation involves the existence of a serial observer. In this respect every time-travelling field is the field apparent to a similarly travelling and similarly dimensioned conscious observer. Observation by any such observer is observation by all the conscious observers pertaining to the dimensionally larger fields, and is, ultimately, observation by a conscious observer at infinity." (p. 153).

That is to say, outside me and my tri-dimensional equipment of typewriter, paper and dictionary is a larger personality contemplating the pitiful system as it painfully moves along the fourth dimension leading from Friday to Saturday. Outside all that again is the larger personality of a fifth dimension observer. And so on, "as far as thought can reach."

These several observers are not isolated spectators, like the members of a series comprising a journalist watching a policeman watching a small boy watching a dog watching a cat watching a bird watching a worm. The substance of the serial observers is the same. It is shared like the sap in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's tree.

"Every detail points to something, certainly; but generally to the wrong thing. Facts point in all directions, it seems to me, like the thousand of twigs on a tree. It is only the life of the tree that has unity and goes up—only the green blood that springs, like a fountain, at the stars."

The conception of the multiple character of time and perception provides Mr. Dunne with material for a new philosophy of Serialism:—

- "1. Serialism discloses the existence of a reasonable kind of 'soul'—an individual soul which has a definite beginning in absolute Time—a soul whose individuality, being in other dimensions of Time, does not clash with the obvious ending of the individual in the physiologist's Time dimension, and a soul whose existence does not nullify the physiologist's discovery that brain activity provides the formal foundation of all mundane experience and of all associative thinking.
2. It shows that the nature of this soul and of its mental development provides us with a satisfactory answer to the 'why' of evolution, of birth, of pain, of sleep, and of death." (p. 207).

This may seem a considerable accomplishment in one small volume, but Mr. Dunne has, of course, only outlined his subject. Much subsequent work must be undertaken before the conclusions can be accepted.

For example, the significance of the time-direction remains unexplained. Also, the conditions which determine the selection of the displaced episodes are most obscure. If some dream images are due to the activity of a super-consciousness operating in the future, all the other dream images may be referred to a similar super-consciousness meandering in the past. The arrival of

displaced episodes seem to be uninfluenced by either will or emotion. If anything, the exercise of these qualities tends to inhibit displacement. The only story I can recall of the exploration of the future by deliberate will-power during sleep concerns an inventor of a sewing-machine who by this means solved the baffling problem of where to locate the eye of the sewing-needle.

Again, Bergson's distinction between time and duration is brushed aside rather briefly, although it seems to offer a line of critical attack on Mr. Dunne's postulate that a dimensional time is only intelligible by reference to a Time standard in a higher dimension.

The convergence of the infinite Time-series has also to be demonstrated.

Altogether, Mr. Dunne's book is bound to provoke a thorough discussion.

Serialism does not necessarily imply omniscience or even super-perception in the present four-dimensional manifold, although it indicates that super-perception is attainable by particular methods.

The focus of attention in any field is a dimensional centre of the foci of attention in all the higher fields, up to and including attention in the field at infinity. The observer at infinity is ultimately attending to the phenomena in the lowest field of observation, our present four-dimensional existence.

Why this should be so is not by any means obvious, unless the present existence is being utilised to train in some way the super-conscious intelligence.

"Whatever capacities for eventually superior intelligence may be latent in the observer at infinity, they are capacities which await development. At the outset brain is the teacher and mind the pupil. Mind begins its struggle towards structure and individuality by moulding itself upon brain." (p. 176).

During waking life the interest of the infinite observer is concentrated on the drama which takes place in "a common light of common hours." During periods of physiological unconsciousness the observer at infinity finds nothing to regard in the lowest field, and the focus of attention moves to another field (field 2).

Here images of future states of the brain may be observed, and when this occurs during sleep the dreams contain anticipations of

future events, which will be realised later on when the observation field 1 has moved sufficiently far along the time dimension.

The observer of field 2 sees the individual as a series of cerebral states extended in Time, forming a sort of strip of nervous tissue sixty or seventy years long. One particular patch of that strip is the centre of intense activity, and interests the observer to the exclusion of almost everything else. That patch of activity is the *present*. It is moving steadily along the cerebral track in Time like a spark along a fuse. If anything occurs which reduces the cerebral activity below a certain limiting value, such as a period of unconsciousness, the interest of the observer in the moving patch ceases, and his attention wanders to other parts of the cerebral track. These are all either past or future experiences. If the observer notes and transmits to memory the impression of some future cerebral states, directly the period of unconsciousness in the lowest field is over, and attention is once more directed to the activities of that field, it will be found that the observer has now some knowledge of future conditions which will sooner or later obtain in the cerebral field.

From this it will be seen that any condition which causes critical reduction of cerebral activity sets the observer free to wander along the first Time track. Sleep and death are the commonest of these conditions. The action of hypnotic and narcotic drugs is also important. As Mr. Dunne, probably for the sake of brevity, does not discuss these artificial methods for producing unconsciousness, although they have application to his theory. The effect of the general anaesthetics ether, chloroform and nitrous oxide is specially interesting. Humphry Davy, the discoverer of the physiological action of nitrous oxide, recorded, in 1794, the sensations he experienced after respiring twenty quarts of the gas :—

“A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension highly pleasurable in every limb ; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified ; I heard every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation.

By degrees, as the pleasurable sensations increased, I lost all connection with external things ; trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas : I theorized, I imagined that I made discoveries.

When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a minute I walked round the room perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavoured to recall the ideas: they were feeble and indistinct; one collection of terms, however, presented itself; and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, '*Nothing exists but thoughts! The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!*'"

To select another example from a hundred, J. M. Synge has described a similar experience when under the influence of ether:—

"I seemed to traverse whole epochs of desolation and bliss. All secrets were open before me, and simple as the universe to its God. Now and then something recalled my physical life, and I smiled at what seemed a moment of sickly infancy. At other times I felt I might return to earth, and laughed aloud to think what a god I should be among men. For there could be no more terror in my life. I was a light, a joy."

These transcendental experiences are not the invariable concomitants of general anaesthesia, but when they do occur they have one quality in common: the subject believes that he has access to a reality greater than that of common life. He returns to normal consciousness endowed with knowledge that rapidly fades before he can communicate it.

Many forms of general anaesthesia display this phenomenon of transient illumination, although the condition is usually obscured by other physiological effects of the drug. Also, when the anaesthesia is induced, as it usually is, preparatory to surgical operation the emotional factor of apprehension and the physical factor of shock are encountered.

The intellectual illumination accompanying general anaesthesia may be entirely hallucinatory; it may be, and probably is, a psychological illusion accompanying unequal or unusual stimulation of the central nervous system—similar effects are found in the acute anoxaemia due to high altitudes. Even so, the possibility of verifying Mr. Dunne's theory by experimental anaesthesia is worth considering.

A number of selected subjects, preferably from people who have experience of displaced dreams, should be experimentally anaesthetised, and their resulting perceptions recorded over definite periods. The obvious objections can be overcome. By the employment of nitrous oxide as the anaesthetic any danger from the formation of a drug-habit can be eliminated. I have never heard of a "nitrous oxide fiend."

Loss of consciousness and recovery are so rapid when nitrous oxide is employed that several observations could be made on a suitable subject in one day. With the pure gas the after-effects are negligible. Other gaseous anaesthetics that have come into recent use, such as ethylene, might also be tried.

One can, indeed, imagine a party of explorers into the future setting off from the laboratory where their bodies lie guarded by stenographers.

The gas-masks will be adjusted over their mouths. A few deep breaths, and they will pass into unconsciousness. After a short interval of clock-time they will return to consciousness laden with news of to-morrow, or the day after, or perhaps a year hence.

Their impressions will be rapidly recorded, classified, compared and analysed. From the results obtained the future will be pieced together. Weather will be forecast with certainty, accidents will be averted; and in wartime strategies will be exposed, and battles decided ere they have begun.

The difficulties of dredging the future are incalculable, since, unlike the sea, it has no obvious limit, yet a later generation may see the exploration of time being undertaken as systematically as the astronomers of to-day are exploring cosmic space.

There still remains another way in which the observer may be released from the attraction of the cerebral field of presentation. By directed Self-analysis, it is possible, according to Dr. Pickworth Farrow (*British Journal of Medical Psychology*, 1925, 5, 2), for a patient observer to reconstruct his entire past life. By a form of passive Self-analysis Mr. Dunne is able to anticipate fragments of the future.

"Sometimes I sit and think; sometimes I just sit," said the wise centenarian. If it were possible to exclude all thoughts of the past, and to ignore all sensations of the present, glimpses of future states of the brain might be expected to appear. This

Mr. Dunne claims to have demonstrated. In one respect the process is simple, there is no dream-fable to complicate matters, but, on the other hand, the great mobility of the attention process requires to be restrained from the pursuit of past images, and

“ It was only by rejecting manifest associations with the last image, and waiting till something apparently *disconnected* took its place, that attention was enabled to slip over the dividing line, and so pass from present to future.” (P. 88).

This offers an explanation of divination by means of crystal-gazing and other self-hypnotic methods. It also underlies a theory put forward by Mr. W. B. Yeats to account for the structure of poetry :—

“ The purpose of rhythm, it has always seemed to me, is to prolong the moment of contemplation, the moment when we are both asleep and awake, which is the one moment of creation, by hushing us with an alluring monotony, while it holds us waking by variety.

Another, but much less important, result of Mr. Dunne's work is the disconcerting effect it will have on the Freudian interpretation of dream imagery. If dreams contain unrecognised episodes from future events, these may be misinterpreted in terms of past repressions ; or, worse still, a future complex may reduce dream interpretation to confusion by loading it with anticipatory symbolism.

From all these considerations it will be seen that Mr. Dunne's comfortable theory promises to bear much fruit. A discussion has already taken place in *The Observer* (July, 1927) on the place of fatalism in the philosophy of serialism. Some correspondents contended that by acting on information obtained from displaced dreams it was possible to modify destiny. The argument is fallacious, since, presumably, destiny to have any meanings must determine both the displaced dream and the subsequent action.

Whether the philosophy of Serialism survives expert criticism or not, Mr. Dunne has made a most unusual and stimulating contribution to the study of sleep, both in content and in significance.

“ We must live before we can attain either intelligence or control at all. We must sleep if we are not to find ourselves, at death, helplessly strange to the new conditions. (The universality of sleep is a remarkable feature in Nature's plan). And we must die before we can hope to advance to a broader understanding.”

Káidenov

By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

According to my promise, I was at the hotel on the stroke of half-past ten that brilliant April morning. Imagine my disappointment when I found her stretched on a sofa drawn up to the window which opened on the gardens, her head swathed in bandages steeped in eau-de-Cologne.

"Oh, my dear friend!" she gave me her hand languidly. "What a miserable state I am in!"

"Do you mean to say you can't sing to-night? The opera-house is sold out. Wiesbaden has been talking of nothing else for days. People are coming over from Frankfort and Mayence. Do you know what a disaster——"

A door with two panels broke the wall between her room and the next. She pointed at it dramatically.

"Listen to that!"

It was certainly a well-contrived and successful uproar which came from the other room. A man was singing—long, profound, monotonous shouts, cut from time to time by a short yell. Somebody was banging a piano, not to make music, but to make a noise. Some children were screeching, and it was the children no doubt who were tooting the tin horns. They must be steeple-chasing round the room, for the furniture was being knocked about. And loud talk, and gigantic laughs, and a woman's voice screaming "Chaliapin" in irony at the man who was singing, while she beat her hands together in mock applause.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why don't you complain?"

"I have complained. It has been going on like that since eight o'clock. The children began at six. I told the manager that I had travelled from Dresden to Berlin and from Berlin to Wiesbaden, and that I needed quiet and rest. He said he was sorry, but that the Russians who have the rooms next door have been here a long time and are good customers. It was quite plain that he did not care to offend them for the sake of a woman who is only here for a night or two. He is a Belgian, and the tribulations of a German don't trouble him much. However, he promised to ask them to be a little quiet. But see how it is!"

She pressed her hands against her face. "Ach, my poor

head!" Her Wagner-opera chest was heaving, her clever eyes full of nervous tears. It was plain that she was on the verge of a breakdown; in an hour or two she would be hopelessly ill, and there would be no opera to-night.

Something must be done. But what? I sat down at the foot of the sofa and pondered. For a while I could not think at all. The extraordinary hubbub in the next room began to affect me too.

After a little while: "You say they are Russians?"

"Yes—Russians."

"You don't know the name?"

"No. The porter would tell you. He is German. What are you going to do?"

For I had risen and opened the door. "I'll come in again in five or ten minutes."

I had to knock three times before I was heard. The third knock was a bang. Then several voices bellowed what was meant for the French word *Entrez* (it sounded like *Enterrez* with the *r*'s doing more than their share), and the door was flung wide open by a boy about twelve so abruptly that I almost fell into a large clear room which was in great disorder. Papers littered the floor; a child's garment, with a needle and thread stuck in it, and a woman's stocking were on the floor too; and three or four chairs which had been upset by the children lay where they had fallen. A large teapot and some cups were on a table at one of the windows.

"Have I the honour to speak to Vladimir Constantinovitch Smedskoy?"

There were several people in the room. There were at least four men, one of them battering the piano; a grey-haired woman; two younger women, not ill-looking; and four well-grown children. At my entry all ceased what they were doing and regarded me with astonishment and consternation. They looked as if they had been "caught in the act," and as if I were the policeman come to accuse them.

A very tall man, so tall that he seemed gaunt, with a black and grey beard and stooping shoulders, came forward uncertainly. In his little eyes, added to the blend of simplicity and cunning, was anxiety and defiance.

"I am Monsieur Smedskoy," he said in French. "What do you want?"

Now for it.

"If you are really Vladimir Constantinovitch, then I have a message for you from your good friend Kaidenov of Moscow. I saw him at Biebrich early this morning. He told me——"

"Kaidenov?"

All of them, even the children, seemed to have shouted out the name. All were staring at me with unfathomable hostility and distrust. Neither man nor woman made the least effort to ease an awkward situation by the ordinary forms of civility.

"Vous vous trrrrompez, Mossyou. Ce n'est pas ici."

"We don't know anybody named Kaidenov," said the big grey-haired woman harshly. "We are Russians, mossyou. We are poor exiles——"

"Listen!" I said, in the most persuasive tones I could muster. "You forget. You are bewildered. Here is what has happened. This morning I was in Biebrich. There I met your countryman, the well-known Kaidenov—yes, Arkady Pavlovitch himself. Do you know what he said to me? He said: 'You are going to Wiesbaden, to a certain hotel there. In that hotel you will find my good friends the Smedkoys. Do me the favour, to say to Wolodia—he called you thus familiarly—and to Katerina Nicolaevna, his wife, that I have prepared a feast for them to-day in my house at Biebrich, number 19 Altgasse, and that I expect them at one o'clock, children and all.' That is what Arkady Pavlovitch told me to say. You can do as you like about it. But you will understand that when a man like Arkady Pavlovitch invites you——"

They were evidently shaken. They began to talk so loud in Russian that I trembled for the unhappy woman in the next room. The first remark directed at me was naturally quite wide of the subject.

"These are not all our children, mossyou," remarked one of the young women. "They are playmates of my son that you see there. Mitia, come here and let me wipe your mouth. I live with my parents, mossyou."

"Kaidenov?" mused Vladimir Constantinovitch. "After all——"

"Kaidenov was my good acquaintance in Moscow," said the man at the piano decisively.

"Arkady Pavlovitch is my cousin," observed another man. He said this calmly, vaguely, looking at no one in particular, as if he were uttering the merest commonplace.

"Do you know Biebrich?" I asked, availing myself of the favourable turn.

Characteristically, although they had been nearly a year in Wiesbaden, they had not seen the Rhine. It had never occurred to them to go and see it. They had only seen Wiesbaden, and not much of that.

I launched hyperbolical praises of Biebrich—charming town, romantic park, beautiful walks on the riverside, recollections of Richard Wagner. The hardest was to combat their sheer unwillingness to move, their difficulties and indecision and changes, with interminable disputes over the make-up of the party.

"Mamienka, you must stay at home. It is too tiring for you."

I urged that Kaidenov had invited them *all*. Without the glamour of Kaidenov the game had been lost.

Finally I towed them to the Kaiser-Wilhelm Platz and saw them into the tramway—the father and mother, their daughter, her son, and two young men. The others who had been at the hotel, seeing there was no hope of making any more noise that day, at least with the Smedskoys, drifted off as soon as the tram started.

Knowing as I did their character, I confidently expected that once they got to Biebrich, Kaidenov or no Kaidenov, it would be late in the evening before they decided to return. They were capable of staying out all night. They might even stay there for two or three days discussing and deploring that they had ever left Wiesbaden.

Something like that must in fact have happened, for on the morning after the opera, which was a great success, my friend the singer told me she had passed a tranquil afternoon and slept calmly through the night.

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Wiesbaden is a large town. It is not New York or London, of course. It is not even Dublin. In those cities, by avoiding

certain streets or certain districts, a man has a good chance of not meeting the people whom he has no desire to meet. It were foolish to count on that in Wiesbaden.

If I had not been kept at Wiesbaden by a matter which has no relation to this narrative, I should have long since departed. You will easily understand that I shrunk from an encounter with those Russians. Meet them, however, I did in the succeeding weeks, more than once.

One day in the Rheinstrasse I met the daughter. Her son was with her, and he was shouting as usual. I was but a few yards from them, and I knew they saw me (the officious young brat even pointed me out); but I plunged shamelessly into a shop and watched them pass. Then, a few weeks later, at a concert in the Kurhaus—lo, there was the whole family seated a few rows in front of me. They recognised me, and to my supreme astonishment and confusion they greeted me with friendly nods. The music director was already tapping on his desk or they would have spoken. I left the hall after the first piece.

At length the inevitable happened. One day as I was loitering under the arcade till a shower had passed, I saw Vladimir Constantinovitch himself coming towards me. This time no escape was possible; it would be too flagrant, for there was nobody in the gallery between him and myself; besides, he could cry out after me and make a scandal. I summoned up the blood, and I can tell you it took summoning. What on earth should I say? It was not a pleasant moment.

But there was no anger or indignation in the demeanour of Vladimir Constantinovitch. He was quite every day. He was taking a small walk, and he paused for a chat.

What wretched weather! In the next few days he and his family were moving to Schlanganbad for the summer. His grandson needed the country air. He was too quiet in the town; he must be unwell.

"And did you like Biebrich?" I was obliged to ask.

"Biebrich? Oh yes, very much. We had a grand time with Kaidenov, our friend. L'hospitalité d'un vrai russe, mossyou. Our people are very hospitable. It's always been said we're like the Irish in that—and some other things. We understand hospitality. Russian food is the best food in the world. It was a blessing for us to be with Kaidenov."

So that was how he meant to take it ! It was the cleverest way, after all. If I were looking to enjoy the effects of my joke at the expense of the Smedskoys I should be sent away empty and ashamed. I should be made to feel that such antics were in rather poor taste.

Still, there was something that puzzled me. Even the best actor, concentrating his effort to conceal that he has been hurt and angered by being sent on a jaunt to see an imaginary person, will let a trace of hostility appear in his look, his manner, however fair his words. Now, I did not take Vladimir Constantinovitch for much of an actor. What he showed was the surface friendliness due to one casual acquaintance from another in such a place as Wiesbaden. Such as it was, it was limpidly that, without a tinge of any deeper feeling. Yes, it was puzzling.

We parted on a shake-hands and vague promises to meet again. Could he carry forgiveness to that point ?

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When I had chosen on the spur of the moment an address for the fictitious Kaidenov at Biebrich, I was thinking of a house which stood in a quiet lane, surrounded by a high wall. It was old, and a shadow of mystery hung over it, perhaps because you could only see the tiled roof as you passed in the lane. I had always admired it, and I admired it more than ever this clear afternoon as I stood before the little door in the grey wall, hesitating to pull the bell-handle. A great bunch of lilac hung over the wall, a small wind was stirring, and the bees were on their business, droning contentedly.

It was an old woman who opened the door and asked me what I wanted.

"Is Herr Kaidenov in the house ?" I inquired boldly.

"Kaidenov ? Do you know Herr Kaidenov ? Ach, I would be glad to see anybody who could tell me where that man is now."

"Sure he has been living here ?"

"He hired part of the house from us. I live here with my daughter. Then one night he did not come home. He had been here only three days, and he has been gone many weeks."

"Did he owe you money ?"

"Is it himself ? Kaidenov ? It's the two women who owe him. Look, that's my daughter over there. When he came to

our house she was sick and could not walk. Now she is strong and walks on the grass. Glory be to God, 'twas the Herr cured her. Are you his friend ? ”

“ No,” I said sadly, preparing to go away.

“ He was tall,” said the old woman, “ and great, and he had a light in his eyes like the sky to-day.”

“ I will tell you what he was like,” said the daughter, who had drawn near. “ He was like Our Lord over the altar in the church. We should like to speak to his friends. But we don't know where to go. Could you tell us ? ” she asked gently.

I might, of course, have given the address of the Smedskoys at Wiesbaden. I thought of doing it. Would you have done it ? Anyhow, I did not.

The Abbey Theatre Season

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

There are few who have been intimately acquainted with the Abbey Theatre over any prolonged period, particularly those who were acquainted with it during the years 1908 to 1914, who have not been conscious for some little time past of subtle but marked changes in its atmosphere and direction. In 1923 Mr. Yeats wrote in the Preface to his book *Plays and Controversies* : " In a little while Dail Eireann and our Dublin newspapers will consider, as I hope, the foundation of an Irish State Theatre " ; but though four years have elapsed since those words were written, neither Dail Eireann nor the newspapers of Dublin have given the slightest attention to the foundation of a State Theatre in Dublin. So the Abbey Theatre continues to be Ireland's nearest approach to the State and Municipal Theatres which are such an important feature of the life of most continental countries. But if there be in Ireland no State Theatres, properly so called, there are two theatrical organisations in receipt of annual subsidies from the Government of the Irish Free State. Nearly three years ago Dail Eireann voted the sum of £1,500 to be divided between the Irish National Theatre Society, which owns and controls the Abbey Theatre, and the Gaelic Drama League, which exists for the discovery and production of plays in the Irish language. During the first year the Abbey Theatre received £850 and the Gaelic Drama League £650, but the subsidy to the Abbey Theatre has since been increased to £1,000 per annum. One of the conditions under which the subsidy was originally given was that an additional Director should be appointed. This Director is not appointed to represent the Government, but it is generally understood that he is nominated by the Minister of Finance, and that in fact he is the representative of the Government. Fortunately the present Minister of Finance, Mr. Ernest Blythe, had been an admirer of, and a constant attendant at, the Abbey for many years before there was any suggestion that he might one day be a Minister, and consequently his nominations have been made from outside the circles of politicians. The first nominated Director, Dr. George O'Brien, was a Professor of the National University of Ireland and the author of several works on the economic history of Ireland. When

Dr. O'Brien resigned last year, his place was taken by Dr. Walter Starkie, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, a Vice-President of the Dublin Drama League, and the author of books on Pirandello and Benevente. Whether this nominated Director has any power of veto on the plays to be produced is not quite clear, but it is plain to everyone who has known the Irish Theatre for many years that there is some new restraining influence at work, and that the policy of the Directorate is now much more conservative than it had been during the twenty years before there was any Governmental subsidisation.

In fact the tendency of the Directorate would seem to be set very markedly towards the attainment of the status and dignity of a State Theatre, as that title is understood throughout Europe, and the tendency is causing some uneasiness among the younger dramatists and potential dramatists of Ireland. They know how rigid a State Theatre may be, and how easily it may be influenced by the dominant politicians of the time. The State Theatre is almost invariably conservative and averse from experiments either in form or in technique, as it tries always to avoid shocking "the bourgeois." When Mr. Lennox Robinson, one of the Directors of the Theatre and the producer of most of the plays, delivered a lecture recently in Dublin he seemed to suggest that the Abbey Theatre already had a greater number of masterpieces at its disposal than it quite knew how to use. And he said quite boldly that, in consequence, speculative or experimental productions of the plays of new and unknown dramatists need not be hoped for in the near future; and as giving some point to this statement, it was noted that the plays produced in the earlier part of the season just closed had all been written by the Directors, with the exception of one very poor play which current gossip also attributed to the directorial circle. It is true that there have been good, sometimes even very good, productions of plays by Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, and Eugene O'Neill, but the production of these plays only helps to emphasise the changing policy of the Theatre, as it is thought that an attempt is being made to gather these Irish and Irish-American dramatists into a national repertoire. The change is, naturally, resented by young dramatists, who see the possibility of production at the Abbey Theatre, and the prestige that such production carries abroad, denied to their early work. This resentment has found expression

in a series of letters, pointedly personal and strongly critical of the Directorate, which appeared in a Dublin evening newspaper. The criticism came from an organisation, which is apparently of recent foundation, named the Irish Dramatists' Association, and the members of this organisation demanded that the Theatre should be placed definitely under public control, and that a Reading Committee other than the present directorate should be appointed. But the names suggested for this Reading Committee brought laughter from all who have any genuine interest in the future of drama in Ireland; the names, in fact, suggested a crude joke. As there can be no doubt that the ownership and control of the Theatre in the past as in the present, at least since Miss Horniman severed her connection with the Theatre in 1910, is too much of a close borough, there is a probability that the matter will be raised when next the subsidy is discussed by Dail Eireann. The present arrangement does not satisfy anybody evidently, and the rejection of plays from popular and well-known authors arouses the suspicious resentment of many others than the authors and their friends.

The Abbey Theatre has staged as great a proportion of poor plays as any theatre in the world. And the poor plays were not all the work of young, unknown dramatists; many of them were the work of authors whose names are now known and respected throughout the English-speaking world. But these dramatists were singularly fortunate in the circumstances in which they began their careers. Were they beginning now they would, according to the hints given by Mr. Robinson in his lecture, be faced with the alternatives of producing their plays at their own cost in a bijou theatre or keeping their plays in desk pigeon-holes. These are the alternatives, evidently, which the Directors of the Abbey Theatre propose to offer to the aspiring Irish dramatist of the immediate future. According to Mr. Robinson, there is now in process of construction and equipment in the Abbey Theatre buildings a Little Theatre to seat about a hundred people. This Little Theatre is to be fitted with the most up-to-date stage appliances, and is to be hired at about £4 per evening. "It is not the intention," said Mr. Robinson in announcing the construction of this Little Theatre, "of the Abbey Company to produce plays in this Theatre. The new theatre is intended for the convenience of the general public interested in the writing or production of plays."

This Little Theatre is to be available in a short while, but it is somewhat doubtful if it will be used extensively, as already there is talk of boycott by the discontented among the newer dramatists. The position taken by the Abbey directors is that plays are submitted which show promise, but being the work of inexperienced writers there are faults of technique which render them unsuitable for the Abbey stage. Other plays, it is stated, are unacceptable because of the narrowness of their appeal. The authors of both of these classes of plays are to be offered the opportunity to hire the Little Theatre and there experiment in the production of their plays at their own expense. There are few of the younger dramatists, or potential dramatists, in Ireland who can afford the expense involved in the production of even a simple play; and the small size of the new theatre makes it almost impossible to recover the outlay in competition with the Abbey Theatre next door. One would have thought that the grant of a subsidy by the State would have induced the Directors to experiment more freely, and to expend the subsidy to some extent in encouraging new dramatists and training new companies of actors. But that, apparently, is just what the Directors are not prepared to do. And the Theatre seems to be making money now, too, as the audiences have been considerably enlarged, with crowded houses at most performances of even the older plays.

It would seem that the directorate of the Theatre is hardening into something very closely resembling the type of management against which the formation of the Irish Literary Theatre was directed in protest nearly thirty years ago. Certainly the great adventure of an Irish National Theatre might never have been embarked upon if the managers of the commercial theatre of that time had not banned plays "because of the narrowness of their appeal." And even to-day, after more than thirty years of propagandist effort, a play like *The Countess Cathleen* appeals to "only a few people," so that it figures in the Abbey Theatre bill at rare intervals. But if that play were offered to the Abbey Theatre Directors now for first production it would probably be relegated to the proposed Little Theatre on account of "the narrowness of its appeal."

True, there is some reason for timidity on the part of the Directors, as within the past few years the audiences at the Abbey have changed almost as much, and possibly even more than, the

type of plays has changed. The type of audience which is now general at the Theatre is radically different from the audiences which gave a first welcome to the plays of Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Lennox Robinson, T. C. Murray, and others of the older school. To some extent the advent of this newer audience coincides with the emergence of Sean O'Casey, and that it is a less critical and less discriminating audience there can be no doubt. It would seem that the days of pioneering experiments at the Abbey Theatre have gone for ever, and the days when the Directors were prepared to stake their all against screaming partisans are now definitely buried with the dead past. The pioneers have grown weary of pioneering, and it seems that the Abbey Theatre is to settle down to the repertory work of a State Theatre, where the "great plays" of the "masters" will be presented at suitable intervals, and the works of expatriate Irishmen, from Farquharson to Shaw, O'Neill, and Munro, will be claimed for the greater glory of Ireland. That would, of course, be very useful and even very necessary educational work, but it is certainly not the work for which the Irish National Theatre was founded. As late as 1908, while Miss A. E. F. Horniman still subsidised the Theatre, Mr. Yeats could boast of a theatre "that is free for a certain number of years to play what it thinks worth playing, and to whistle at the timid." No longer, evidently, will Mr. Yeats whistle at the timid, for the Directors of the Abbey Theatre must now keep in mind the organised timidity which calls itself the Vigilance Committee, which they treated with defiant contempt many times in the past, and the non-literary timidity of Dail Eireann, of which they have already had some little experience. On the whole it would seem that the great days of the Abbey Theatre are in the past, and possibly the time has come for the separation of the Irish theatre, as the theatre in other countries, into the artistic and commercial departments. The declaration of policy made in Mr. Robinson's lecture suggests that the Directors of the Abbey expect the younger dramatists to launch a theatre of their own. The time is opportune, and perhaps they will. Since the celebration of its majority at the end of 1925, the Abbey seems to desire nothing better than to settle down and live upon its achievements in the past. Great achievements, undoubtedly, but the world moves, and the Irish National Theatre must move also.

The season that has just concluded was probably the poorest in the quality of the plays produced that the Theatre has known for many years. The number of plays produced, ten in a season extending from August, 1926, to May, 1927, was well up to the average of other years, but until almost the end of the season there had been no play of distinction, with the exception of *The Emperor Jones*, which was taken over from the Dublin Drama League, with Susan Glaspell's little tragedy *Trifles*. These two plays were the outstanding events of the season's productions at the Abbey Theatre. In *The Emperor Jones* the acting of Rutherford Mayne will long be remembered by all who availed of the opportunity to witness a great play splendidly acted. The season opened with a poor play called *Mr. Murphy's Island*, by Elizabeth Harte. In almost every respect this play suggests that it is an overflow from Mr. Lennox Robinson's latest play, *The Big House*, which followed Miss Harte's play a few weeks later. In *The Big House* Mr. Robinson had a theme which was worthy of his best, a theme which would stretch his artistry to its fullest extent, but it can hardly be said that he rose to its possibilities. The divided allegiance of the Anglo-Irish, the landlord class, in Ireland would supply materials for many tragedies, even perhaps the tragedy of becoming *more Irish than the Irish themselves*; but Mr. Robinson's play will never make an Irish audience grieve when it shows the big house in ruins and its owners scattered. Ballydonal House will be missed from the Ireland of the future, as will the St. Leger Alcocks, but it is time rather than Mr. Robinson's play that will reveal what the loss really is. The play suggested that its author was not yet sure himself whether he belonged to "them" or to "us," to the Anglos or to the Irish, and that it was in reality a kind of examination of conscience to discover his own position. And that position is not even now quite clear, as between the people who burned Ballydonal House and the "Black and Tan" gunman who terrorised its owners there was little to choose in the play. In fact, the big theme is obscured by the little people and the little events, and it may be hoped that Mr. Robinson will return to it in time and present his theme in terms of conflicting cultures and conflicting ideals and traditions. If he does, the real tragedy will be stark.

Lady Gregory figured during the season with two plays, neither of which will enhance her reputation: *Sancho's Master*, a

play in three acts, is not a very successful effort to place Don Quixote on the stage; the events are those of Cervantes, but the resulting characterisation is certainly not. The scenes are disconnected, and it seemed that at any moment the play would open out into something vital and real, but the hope was always disappointed. At times the opportunities for these scenes of misunderstanding and verbal fun which Lady Gregory managed so skilfully in the past were allowed to pass without being availed of in any way. Nor is there distinction in the words, even the soliloquies of the Don were uninspired and insipid when compared with what Lady Gregory is capable of doing. Technically, too, the play is faulty, as its object is not at all clearly defined. In the story of the Don as detailed by Cervantes there is tragedy, comedy, satire, burlesque and farce; the play hovers about each of these in turn, and never quite becomes any of them. Sancho, as played by Barry Fitzgerald, is simply Handy Andy in Spanish costume, while the Don, played by F. J. McCormick, is the rueful knight of Cervantes. In *Dave*, her latest one-act play, she is hardly more successful. It is something of an allegory, of the texture of *The Unicorn from the Stars*, and with much of the foggy symbolism of that earlier play in which Mr. Yeats collaborated. Throughout the play one felt that Lady Gregory was trying to say too much in a very short time, and that, in consequence, she became stilted and incoherent. The play might be an essay on the proverb about "giving a dog a bad name," or a commendation of the Commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But the meaning is obscure and the symbolism has not the scope in which to make itself clear, and the effect upon the first-night audience was somewhat bewildering.

Undoubtedly the best play of the season was *Black Oliver*, a new play by John Guinan, whose previous efforts gave no indication that he would ever essay such a theme. Within the limitations of a single act he has attempted to present a problem in metaphysics which might have daunted many dramatists whose names figure prominently in the theatre to-day. Though it cannot be said that Mr. Guinan's three characters quite succeeded in making the audience believe that "believing is seeing," he might have done so had he been better served by his company. As an attempt to place mental processes on the stage in dramatic

form this play is welcomed as one of the first of its kind to come from an Irish author. Synge treated the problem in *The Playboy*, but Mr. Guinan's method has more in common with Pirandello or Susan Glaspell than with Synge, though he may owe something to Lady Gregory's *Kiltartan History*, in which it is shown how the rural folk weave legends about ordinary mortals so that they become heroic. It may be hoped that Mr. Guinan will go on and improve upon *Black Oliver*. If he does, he will be a very great find indeed in this, the very thin, time of our theatre.

Another one-act play that is worthy of distinctive mention is *Parted*, the first play of Mr. M. C. Madden. There is nothing original in the story of this play, but the firmness of its grip and the concentration of its dialogue suggest that in Mr. Madden the Abbey Theatre has discovered a new dramatist whose advent is very welcome. *Parted* is a grim little play, displaying that passion for land which has meant so much in the history of Ireland. There is nothing novel in the play, but the characters are very much alive, and on the stage it is vitality that matters most.

The other two new productions were *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and a translation of *Ædipus the King* by Mr. Yeats, both of which are now sufficiently well known to pass without further comment. There was little of outstanding merit about Mr. Yeats' *Ædipus*, and probably the majority of people will continue to prefer the version of Gilbert Murray.

During the season it cannot be said that the acting was more than adequate. Occasionally there was a fine individual performance, and again there were performances that were appallingly bad. *Black Oliver*, perhaps, suffered most from bad acting, but it cannot be said that the acting throughout the season was of the superlative order that some commentators would have us believe. It is true that in Messrs. Dolan, McCormick, Fitzgerald, and in the Misses Delaney, Craig, Richards, and others there is a very fine company which could be as good as anything the Abbey has ever known. But the old company spirit now seems to be lacking, and too much scope is given to individual appeals to the popular favour. It is sad to note Mr. Barry Fitzgerald going the way of Mr. Sinclair; both these artists should be above the cheap appeals they make. Control on the older lines would be welcomed by all who value the distinctive acting which once made the Abbey renowned.

Producing seems to be almost entirely neglected. Either it is lavish and costly, as in *Sancho's Master*, or is just slipshod, as in *Black Oliver*; it is never, or rarely, except in the older plays, just right. In Mr. Arthur Shields there seems to be the producer for which the Theatre craves, and it may be hoped that he will be given the scope that his genius needs. In all his productions there was a distinctive note which suggests the possibility of a first-class producer, and it may be pleaded that he will devote all his energies to that single task.

Two Poets

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE SON OF LEARNING. A poetic Comedy in Three Acts by Austin Clarke. (London : George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.).

THE DARK BREED. A Book of Poems, by F. R. Higgins. (London : Macmillan and Co.).

Austin Clarke and F. R. Higgins are two poets who appear to have divided a Gaelic patrimony between them : one is at his best when he is relating episodes out of the old epic literature, and the other when he gives us a lyric that has in it the wavering music of the Gaelic folk-song. Both go to Gaelic sources, not only for their material, but for their technique, for their background, for their outlook. The notes which they have supplied to their latest volumes are, in a way, complementary : they can be read as a manifesto. "The younger poets generally express themselves through idioms taken from Gaelic speech ; they impose on English verse the rhythm of a gapped music, and through their music we hear the echoes of secret harmonies and the sweet twists still turning to-day through many a quaint Connacht song. For indeed these poets, in the lineage of the Gaelic, produce in Irish lyric—with its exuberance and wild delicacy—the memories of an ancient and rigorous technique." So F. R. Higgins writes in his notes to *The Dark Breed*. And Austin Clarke puts at the end of *The Son of Learning* this note : "So little of Gaelic poetry has been adequately translated, that the previous Celtic school groped in a twilight of hints and hearsay. But in that major Gaelic art, with its sun-colors, its fine exuberance and phrase-pleasuring style unmeet for weak stomachs, its monastic discipline in lyric forms, native writers find the roots of their bi-lingual thought." Both poets, it can be observed, look towards an exuberance, but an exuberance that will be an aware of a rigorous, long-descended technique.

When an Irish poet gives, as Austin Clarke gave in a previous volume, *The Cattle Drive in Connacht* as a title for a volume, he makes an ambitious claim ; it is nothing less than the power of handling the ancient epic material. Austin Clarke in the volume referred to and in volumes previously published showed powers which made such a claim seem not at all extravagant—he showed a power of rendering wide and windy aspects of

country, he showed a command of a musical and oddly varied verse, and he showed that he possessed some of the extravagance and boisterousness that belong to old Irish literature. And in writing about that old Irish world he never lost sight of the actual Irish landscape—his locale and his characters are always of to-day—or, rather, they are of all time in Ireland: he did not hesitate in *The Cattle Drive in Connacht* to make great Maeve talk like an assertive Connacht woman we might have known.

I do not think that this poet is at his best in *The Son of Learning*. No doubt he has worked hard to put his fable into the form of a play. But it is a play without inner movement: something, of course, happens: the wandering scholar comes in; he exorcises the demon of gluttony that possessed the King; he goes out again, leaving the King cured and the lover of a loving woman. But these are changes in position, so to speak; they are not changes in personality, and, psychically, the scholar, the king, Ligach, the strollers in the guest house and the monks in the friary, have not moved at all. It all might have been printed as an extravagant and poetic conversation without any division into acts, and one feels in reading it that Austin Clarke will have to give himself another sort of discipline if he would make himself over from into a dramatic poet.

In *The Son of Learning* his genius shows itself as the genius of a narrative poet; his best speeches are out of a story-teller's head:—

I know a bay where men are binding
The cartwheel twice upon the stone with fire
And cold. There with the tide the blowing sails
Have dropped, and hands that rowed with Blessed Brendan
Unload the chasubles from boats; nobles
Hurry with women, whose red lips are cut
By the salt dark, into a lighted house
To talk, to dance: and when fire thickens the roof
White clergy bless their mirth in Latin, for
Their grace is such a couple every night
Is married and with candles, music, they
Prepare those innocent delights.

The Scholar's speeches are poetry. And, although the story-teller shows himself in them, they are the sort of speeches that would not be out of place in a well-wrought play—they are characteristic, they are moving, they can be spoken. But in a

well-wrought play these speeches would have struck out dramatic poetry from the woman they are addressed to. They do not; the woman's replies are the remarks of a by-stander :—

Scholar : O Fairywoman,
 What hill untroubled by the day
 Or meddled dance has blessed this house ? Are you
 Etain, who washes in a basin of gold
 With carven birds, or that horsemawman, Niav,
 Taking the fences of the sea ? Are you
 The wife of the musician, Craftine,
 Who was unhappy when the holeheaded flute
 Began to play, and so is lost for ever
 In the grass and cannot find her lover ? Tell me,
 For I have heard such music to-night, I fear
 The waters work in my mind.

Woman : Oh,
 I am so hungry.

Scholar : I will call food
 For you, the pure white bread and honeycomb
 That drips the summer, dishes of rung silver,
 A skin of wine the wearied sons of Tuireann
 Drank in the south.

Woman : You dream ;
 And what shall I do now in a hostel for
 Men.

Scholar : I dream of the large ruddy fire
 In a fairy house and of the beaching noise
 In waves that dance as jugglers when they fling
 White knives, that we are playing at the chess,
 With Bishop, Knave and King upon the board,
 For you are more beautiful than Deirdre or
 Than Maeve.

Woman : I think you praise a dream,
 Or a woman that is dead.

Scholar : — Have I not
 Followed your bright heel on the road as a farmer
 The price he will get at the big fair, even
 To this house ?

Woman : I heard a little music
 About the priory, but when the bat-light stirred
 The bushes I was full of fear, and I
 Came in.

If we read *The Son of Learning* as conversation we will find in it poetry of a fresh kind :—

Praise to the guesting house, the generous house
Of Corc, the pail of ready washing there,
The big-tongued fire that dried my shriven feet.
Two brothers shook out linen for a meal
And it was whiter than the tablecloth
That Peter saw the angels letting down
From heaven. In a blaze of wax they served
The platters, dishes, saucers and tureens.
Appetite steamed in them.

O savour of all savours !
Brown roasted beef, basted upon the spit
With lavish honey and the large white salt
From drying-pans, choice mutton that was suckled
Upon green tits of grass, a crock of gravy
In which the fattened geese could swim again,
And poultry in the egg, parsley and sauce,
Green cabbage boiling with a juicy ham
Crumbled with meal ; whole puddings, speckled puddings,
Fat puddings with their little puddings, sweet little
O' the pig, loud celery.

It is in descriptive passages such as these that the genius of the poet of *The Son of Learning* shows itself.

F. R. Higgins is one of these poets who make us believe in them through some exhibition of impersonal passion. He often reaches to lovely music in his verse ; he is an adept at reviving old modes in traditional poetry ; he has a rare power of evoking the landscape of the West of Ireland. But if he exhibited only such powers we might admire his work without feeling that it was of import. When he cries out, after watching the men of the dark Connacht breed :—

Too full their spring tide flowed,
And ebbing then
Has left each hooker deep
Within salt grass.
All ebbs, yet lives in their song ;
Song shall not pass
With these most desperate,
Most noble men !

or when he has stood

With these bawneen men I'm one
In the grey dusk-fall,
Watching the Galway land
Sink down in distress—
With dark men talking of grass
By a loose stone wall
In murmurs drifting and drifting
To loneliness.

we know that there is in this poet a passion for that land and for these people, and that because of that passion there is a root to his poetry.

Words come to him with a setting of traditional music, and traditional music can suggest to him words of a kind that a gleeman might have put together. Like Ferguson, like Thomas Moore, amongst our poets who have written in English, he reaches back to Gaelic consciousness through traditional music. A poet, however, is not true to his gift unless he tries to enrich his gift. And F. R. Higgins has done this: to his feeling for traditional music he has added a sense of color—the silver and rain-blurred colors of the Connacht landscape. He is, too, the one man who gives us in poetry—Jack Yeats has done it in pictures—the romance of Galway and Mayo.

His new book is aptly named *The Dark Breed*, for it has the music, the landscape, the romance of Connacht and its folk. It would be to claim too much for this book to put it forward as fully representative: only one side of Connacht comes into it. "These most desperate, most noble men." . . . "Most proud in their own defeat these last men pass." He has not put recognisably into his collection any of those powerful, assured, articulate personalities that one meets amongst the women of that dark breed.

How native to F. R. Higgins is the music that the old ballads have carried over is shown in some of his adept reconstructions:—

O be my lady and in Limerick laces
Your delicate ways shall airily pass,
With quiet feet in your blue pampooties
And guinea-hens on the daisy grass.

or—

As I was walking I met a woman
And she side-saddled on a horse,
Most proudly riding the road to Moyrus
On a stallion worthy of a fine race-course.

It is shown, too, in the wild and hearty "Ballad of O'Bruadir." But that he had music that comes from another source is shown in such poems as "The Emblem"—a rare and delicate music:—

One willow bends
Above the moving water,
One willow bends
And lifts each tip half dry ;
Too pale and slim
To leave a single shadow,
It leans and merely measures
The water passing by.

The same sort of delicate music is in "Lake Dwellers," "A Shielding of Music," and "All Soul's Eve." And he can give us the movement of one of the Gaelic songs of Connacht—the songs that are best when they are made by a woman—with its characteristic imagery—the sudden, wild imagery that comes from something seen at the moment:—

This time, with the falling of sap, they cut the whitethorn ;
And now, Muiris, my own sister cuts down my life !

Both *The Dark Breed* and *The Son of Learning* are native, and both permit us to keep up our faith in Irish literary creativeness. Personally, I should like to see Austin Clarke add some more episodes to his *Cattle Drive in Connacht*, and I should like to see F. R. Higgins move towards some new material, developing in some larger way, either in prose or verse, themes out of that Connacht romance, the background of which he knows so well and for which he has such passionate feeling.

A Lady of Quality Under The Georges

By REV. G. N. NUTTALL-SMITH, M.A., T.C.D.

Author of Chronicles of a Puritan Family in Ireland.

PART II.

WE now turn to trace the story of Lady Steele's daughter, another Maria, the writer of the preceding memoir. It is, in truth, romantic enough. When she was not more than seventeen or eighteen, perhaps even younger, she became deeply attached to one of those who, in the words of the late John Kells Ingram, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, "rose in dark and evil days To right their native land."

Her first love, the unfortunate Councillor Henry Sheers, with his brother and other equally high-minded, possibly mistaken, gentlemen, died on the scaffold in the Rebellion of 1798.

Of him she writes :—

" July the 16th, 1798, two days after the Execution of a friend.

Closed in an everlasting sleep
That eye which every thought expressed ;
For others' woes long taught to weep,
But now at rest.

By friends betrayed,* by foes oppressed,
No pitying arm stretched forth to save ;
Where shall thy tortured soul find rest
But in the grave ? "

Shortly after, we find her living near Clifton, Bristol, where her grandfather Verity brought his wife in earlier days ; but this residence could not have been for very long.

Among her acquaintance in Dublin at this time was a law-

* The name of Capt. " Sheers " Armstrong, of the King's County Militia, was long remembered in this connection. He accepted the invitation of the Councillors Sheers, dining with them and members of their family taking, it is said, the children on his knees so that he might the better denounce them as rebels. This was on May the 20th. On July the 14th both were hanged. See Lecky, *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century*, Vol. IV., p. 316. Also Sir Jonah Barrington's *Recollections*, Chapter " Irish Rebellion."

student, who was just nineteen in those awful days of "Ninety-eight" when Henry Sheers laid down his life. In 1797 Thomas Moore was still in Trinity College; this "fearful time," as he calls it in his *Memoirs of Myself*, "to form an adequate idea of which one must not only have lived through it, as I did, but also have been mixed up, as I was, with the views, hopes and feelings of every passing hour."

He tells us that in the same year was held a sworn Inquisition into the political implications of the undergraduates of the University, "by that bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. At last my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of that terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty."

Moore, as a matter of fact, was not implicated in the secret conspiracies of the time, and suffice it to say he was discharged without casting suspicion on anyone else. He objected to being sworn, and frankly confessed to the Chief Justice that his chief reason was lest he should implicate others.

He took his degree shortly after, and, as Lord Fitzgibbon was the Chancellor, Moore was not without misgiving as to whether he would be admitted. As a matter of fact, his manly bearing and answers at the Visitation had made an impression on the Chancellor which was far from unfavourable.

Such was Thomas Moore the Poet at this time, and Maria Steele was Moore's first love. Although convention forbade that the son of a Dublin shop-keeper should wed the daughter of a baronet—not to mention the difference in religious persuasion—the attachment was deep and lasting, and, since Moore was a man of high ideals, survived the marriages of both as a pure and holy flame.

Sydney Morgan tells us that one of the *Juvenile Poems*, "I'll ask the Sylph who round thee flies," is addressed to Maria Steele, and Lady Morgan was Maria's intimate friend.

Moore's poem "To the Invisible Girl" is of the same period, and is also, apparently, addressed to her; at least we find among her papers a most sprightly reply, "To T. Moore Esq. On the Invisible Girl's letter to him. By a Visible Girl." It is full of the half-mothering, half-adoring sentiments of a young girl to her

devout admirer, and appears to have been written in 1801, shortly before Maria was married :—

“ Oh, never was that frame of thine
Fitted midst legal blocks to shine
Wrapped in a gown a world too big
And shaded by a wild of wig.
And is that voice that fitly flows
In lovers’ joys and lovers’ woes,
Oh ! is it strong enough to bawl
In thunder through the echoing hall ?
In short, we need not more discuss,
You must, ‘ my knight,’ be one of us . . . ,” etc., etc.

Among Maria’s papers we find also a copy of another of the *Juvenile Poems*—“ Rondeau : Good Night ”—considerably more erotic than the published form. Attention is called elsewhere to the veil of propriety, or, as some would say, puritanism, which increasingly marked the character of Moore, so unlike that of his friend Byron.

Three years later, in 1801, Maria Steele married Joshua Smith, a Dublin barrister, of a family of English origin, which had been seated in the King’s County since the middle of the seventeenth century.

The union, on the whole, does not appear to have been a happy one. As in the case of too many Irish marriages, convenience was probably put before love. However, after five years of married life, Maria, apprehensive of death and setting down her wishes as to the disposal of her personal possessions, alludes to her “ dear husband,” and commits her unborn child to “ a tender and affectionate father.” But even then she refers to certain books, “ the gift of a friend who died years before I was married, and for whom friendship was all I ever professed, or felt.” These were, if memory serves me, to have been buried with her. Even then, her heart does not seem to have been wholly her husband’s.

Can this “ friend ” have been Henry Sheers, who “ died ” eight years before ? We cannot tell. But Maria’s fears were happily unrealized. She was now only twenty-six, and she lived to be sixty-five. So little can we read the future.

Some considerable time ago the writer had the opportunity

of looking over a long and embittered correspondence between husband and wife which Maria would have done far better to have destroyed. It is obvious that she was most unhappy at the time, so unhappy that her husband seems to have feared for her reason.

Can one altogether pity her? She need not have married Joshua if she did not care for him and was in love with Moore at the time. Should not considerations of duty have drawn her to a husband who, whatever his transgressions—and Maria seems to accuse him of faults which he does not directly deny—honestly endeavoured to win her back to him?

It all seems rather wretched, but at the same time one must remember that Maria was the child of a less matter-of-fact age than ours; an age of gush, of "languor," of fainting, of heroics, to a degree which we hardly realize, but we can see plainly enough in the Hemans correspondence later in this volume. Besides, she was in easy circumstances, and could afford to hug her woes. However innocent her devotion to Moore, and undoubtedly it was free from any suspicion of scandal, it cannot have tended to knit her ties to her husband and her home. Still we must admire it as a very faithful friendship, for even when she was a staid widow of fifty we find Mrs. Hemans rallying her on the subject.

One fears that Maria was just a little difficult, perhaps more than a little, she was disposed to "moods"; if tradition tells true, she was too much inclined also to neglect her family for literary dilettantism and to make short work of Joshua's hard-earned guineas!

Some of her verses—and she wrote some quite respectable verse—lead one to muse as to whether she may not have been tasting the wholesome bitter of repentance when she penned them.

Nevertheless she was the generous helper of her literary friends; and the chosen confidant of such a woman as Felicia Hemans could not have been other than a noble character.

In the 'twenties and 'thirties of the last century there flourished in Dublin, in the *salon* of Lady Morgan (the Sydney Morgan who wrote "The Wild Irish Girl," etc.) an interesting literary *côterie*, of which Maria Smith was an active and evidently a welcome member.

Lady Morgan appears to have found much amusement in Maria's *penchant* for Moore. "My dear Mrs. Smith," she writes,

"that *I* should have your friend Moore here and not *have you* seems to me *both odd and sad*."

But Sydney Morgan did not understand Moore; she was a child of the age. In another note to Mrs. Smith she writes: "If you have *not quite* forsworn us and are not converted to *sanctity* by *Saint Thomas Moore*, do look in to-morrow evening. If you see the Le Fanus ask them from me to accompany you.

I write in haste as the Chair is at the door to take me to a dinner party at Sir C. Molyneux!

Bye-bye.

S. MORGAN."

Moore was, of course, a member of this little circle, so was C. R. Maturin, the playwright, and later, we may add, Mrs. Hemans; but we must not anticipate. Among Mrs. Smith's treasures we find a card p.p.c. of Sir Walter Scott, a relic of the Dublin visit of 1825. Her descendants also preserve among their pictures a painting of Lord Byron, with whom Maria was no doubt acquainted, and one of Lady Byron.

Lady Morgan's letters, of which there are several, are none of them dated; they are hopelessly untidy, badly written, almost illiterate productions, and a striking contrast to the large collection of letters from Felicia Hemans. The one wrote like the hoyden that she was; the other like a lady of exquisite taste and sensibility.

Lady Morgan's letters give, however, an interesting sidelight on the life of the "Castle set" of the period, and on the Dublin society which Mrs. Hemans found, as she writes to her friend, Mrs. Smith, "so lacking in real refinement."

For example, she writes: "Olivia's 'grand party' was thought of on Friday night at Lord Castlecook's, the company *picked up in the streets* on Saturday morning, as she and Morgan* *trudged through them*, and the only *written invite*, one sent to Mr. Johnson at the Castle to bring me a *batch of pages*—instead of which he brought a batch of aide-de-camps—it was literally intended to be the children's *plumb cake party*, and how so *many grown up people* got in we know not; but there they were."

* i.e., Sir Charles Morgan, Lady M's husband.

Lady Morgan, for all her unconventionality, was very much the society woman. Here she describes a Drawing Room at Dublin Castle, probably in the winter of 1823 :—

“ MY DEAR MRS. SMITH !

“ How do you do ? I have only just returned from Lord Cloncurry’s, where we went for a few days after the Drawing Room, or I should have been before this to wait on you and Lady C—— Homan. I saw some of *your people* at the Castle, and think Robert looked *handsome and courtly*, and not *at all* like our . . . (*word quite illegible*).

“ Nanny had a *great success*, at least if I am to believe Lord Wellesley, who said all sorts of civil things *of and to her*—he has asked us to a small *private party* on Thursday, which is, I hear, to be limited to 50, and no dancing.

“ We passed a most agreeable time at Lyons (Lord Cloncurry’s), the *Dunsaney* and other folk of the same cast were there—

“ Will you and the Boys give me the pleasure of yr company on Sunday evening next, and till then and ever believe me very truly and affectionately yours.

“ SYDNEY MORGAN.”

“ I have never been out since my return from Ld. Cloncurry’s, and Morgan has been up to his eyes in fuss.”

The Marquis of Wellesley, elder brother of the Iron Duke, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1821 to 1828. He was now a man of about sixty-three, and apparently appreciated the privilege of his years and office in paying compliments to pretty young ladies. Doubtless he bore with equanimity his duty, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) of saluting all *debutantes* with a kiss ; even if, as one of his august number once remarked, “ his face was all over powder and his mouth full of hair-pins ” after the operation.

Here is a letter *to Mrs. Smith from Sir Charles Morgan*.

He, like his brilliant wife, aspired to literary honours, forsaking his profession of physician for the Muses. It is written

from Newtown Mount Kennedy, in the Wicklow Mountains, bears the Dublin Post Office Stamp of 13 August, 1821, and alludes to the visit of George IV. to Ireland in that year :—

“ Hermitage, Sunday morning.

“ Your account of recent events is truly graphic. What a curious combination of circumstances ! Without the gale of wind the King would have arrived and had his raree show in spite of the Queen. But now I suppose it must be all ‘ dacency Katty honey ! ’

“ The poor queen appears to have died with great courage and to have preserved her character for energy to the last. The papers mention that she stated her conviction of the commencement of a new conspiracy against her. If so, she is much better out of the way for her own sake.

“ You cannot conceive how much we feel the blessing of our country quietude, beyond the reach of *hammers and shoutings*. We look down upon you Dublinites and your politics as the King of Brobdinag might have looked upon Gulliver. There is, however, some chance now of your regaining your senses, without hellebore. Lady M. joins me in petitioning that you will write to us often *pour égayer* our solitudes. I wish I was Mr. Shiel* to make my petition sublime and beautiful, but as that is impossible, believe it irresistible and take up your pen.”

When “ George the Triumphant sped over the tide, To the long-cherished isle that he loved—as his bride,” he received from the “ Loyalists ” of the period a most “ loyal ” welcome, almost, if not quite, amounting to servility. The marks of his footprints on Howth Pier were “ graven in the rock for ever ” ; Dunleary, enshrining the memory, as is believed, of a fifth century monarch of Ireland, was dubbed “ Kingstown ” to mark the place of his departure. But it is some consolation to note this unworthy adulation was, if possible, exceeded in Britain ; for we read in the *Observer* of October 1, 1821, how “ Two young ladies spread their shawls for his Majesty to walk over when he stepped ashore

* Does he mean Burke ?

at Milford. The stone on which his Majesty first trod is to be removed into Milford Masonic Lodge." Rather a dangerous occupation for "young ladies," all things considered.

When King George IV. landed at Howth Harbour in August, 1821, a Dublin solicitor, formerly well known to the writer, was a little boy of about seven. His father, a landowner in Co. Mayo, was at the time Collector of H.M. Customs and Harbour Master of Howth, and as such was on the pier with the child to receive the King.

He often told us how King George was greeted on landing with the news, "Sir, your worst enemy is dead." "Is she, by G——" was the royal reply. It was the great Napoleon, but he thought it was Queen Caroline.

Later on "Tommy Moore," the poet, a friend of the family, called so as to try and find out if the King was drunk when he landed, so that he might lampoon him. As a matter of fact he was, but the loyal old gentleman would not tell him, although his son told us.

Byron, always the friend of Ireland, has much the same tale in *The Irish Avatar*.

The following letter from Lady Morgan's *Memoirs* gives additional insight; it is from Hamilton Rowan to Sir Charles Morgan:—

"14th Sept. 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

"I did my duty to my Sov—no, to my family—I kissed the lion's paw, but I did not attempt to pull the tail of the beast.

"I shall be well pleased to hear the charms of the Hermitage give way to the boudoir and library of Kildare St.

"A letter from London of the 11th. says the King is at Milford."

In 1822 it was possible for a man of birth and fashion to be an Irish patriot and not be cut by his "Unionist" friends.

The following is interesting, although, like the preceding, it is not from our collection, but from Lady Morgan's *Memoirs*.

It is from *Sir Capel Molyneux* to *Sir Charles Morgan* and dated *Merrion Square*, 24th December, 1822 :—

“ I think it necessary to inform you that when the Union Act passed (1800) a few patriots, with myself, invoked the most *solemn imprecation on our heads* if we should ever attend levee, ball or dinner at the Castle until its repeal should take place !! I have a great respect for Ld. Wellesley. I admire his liberality * * *

“ Yours very truly,

“ C. MOLYNEUX.”

(Sir Capel was then 72).

Among the rest of her papers Maria Smith has preserved a package of letters from C. R. Maturin, the playwright, to herself. They are chiefly concerned with his own troubles, the author coming, like other needy *littérateurs* to “ dear Mrs. Smith ” for advice and perhaps a “ temporary accommodation.” It is not proposed to detain the reader with more than a very few extracts from this sad little budget.

Maturin was two years Maria's junior. Unlike most of the descendants of French Protestants, to whose ancestors Ireland had given such a kindly welcome—Le Fanus, Trenches, La Touches, Rambauts, Jellicoes, Goings, Whites, Mornys, Chanteperdrix and the rest—for we find French blood in all ranks in Ireland—Maturin was hopelessly improvident. He married at twenty. Curate of St. Peter's in Dublin, he mortgaged his stipend. When he was thirty-one he became surety for a false friend, who ruined him, and, with the loss of his house, the little school which he had set up to eke out his income came to an end. “ I am a beggar,” he writes, “ debarred alike from enjoyment or utility.” —“ I cannot but think it hard—with the most exquisite sense of pleasure from the highest class of intellect, with an eye for nature, an ear for harmony, and a heart for passion—I am a beggar.”

Again : " My indomitable spirit begins to break. Do you remember those strong lines in Milton's *Sampson*, ' Nature within me seems in all her functions weary of herself—My race of glory run, and race of shame, And I shall shortly be with them that rest ? "

Then in 1814 : " When my play (" *Bertram* ") was in rehearsal and to be produced next week with the most favourable auguries, Kemble refused to act in it—and it *is withdrawn*. Famine is actually staring me in the face."

These letters probably refer to Maturin's " darkest hour," for in 1816 Kean accepted his play for Drury Lane. But such a man could not but be in difficulties ; slipshod and improvident, his very handwriting bears eloquent testimony to his character ; the writing being so different in each of his letters that it is hard to believe that they were all penned by the same man.

Maria Smith all through the correspondence would appear to have been a patient and indulgent friend. Yet even the worm will turn, for in one we read : " The tone of your note has crushed the little spirits I had rallied. I am writing my apology to Mr. Le Fanu. As I did not leave Hartstonge's till three *in the morning*, Lady M. could hardly complain that I went off too soon for an explanation, a promise similar to Mrs. Howse's was made to me and not kept, and I unfeignedly dread another outburst of her Ladyship's wrath, from which I have no reason to believe that Mrs. Howse's interference would be an effective protection ! "

Lady Morgan appears to have been severe at times with the erring sheep of her literary flock in Dublin, and none needed that tonic more than did " C. R. M."

Here is yet another crisis ; like a true son of the Muses—shall we say, like a true cleric?—nothing so mundane as a business understanding troubles him, until it is too late ; and then some one else is to blame ; in this instance the poor, long-suffering publisher.

" My dear Friend,—I fear—greatly fear—that my bookseller is going to act like a scoundrel. I have no *written agreement*," etc."

" Ever, ever yours,

" C. R. M."

Later, Mrs. Smith made it possible for him to give up some of his literary drudgery. He writes:—

“ My dear Friend,—I shall certainly go to you on Saturday, since you wish it, and I thank you for taking me away from an employment which is too much both for my eyes and my health. C. R. M.”

The letters sound in places like an attempt to play upon the good nature of his friends; but Maturin was far from normal, and when we remember that *something* wore him out at forty-two, one cannot refuse a sigh. Like many another wooer of the Muses, poor Maturin suffered, how greatly, God knows! He left a name behind him; but to him, if to any man, Goethe’s words apply: “ Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass . . . Der kennt euch nicht ihr himmlichen Mächte.”

In 1816, the year of Maturin’s short-lived success, “ Bertram ” was produced in Drury Lane. Maria was then thirty-six. Eight years later, poor Maturin had passed out of his weary, puzzled life.

We now pass over seven years to the autumn of 1831, when Felicia Hemans came to live in Dublin. The poetess was then thirty-seven and Maria fifty. A deep and constant friendship soon sprang up between the two, which only ended with Mrs. Hemans’ death three and a half years later.

The name of Felicia Hemans is known to most as the authoress of one song that will live as long as the English language —“ The Better Land ”—and of “ Casabianca,” which we learnt as “ rep.” in our “ pre-school ” or in the nursery. In truth she was a poetess of no mean order, in the judgement of her time. She was a Georgian, if there ever was one—one is tempted to say an “ Early Victorian ”—and it is to be feared that modern taste does not entirely appreciate her. However, she was a woman of exquisite taste and of a character which the trials of a most sad life served only to sweeten, of whom Wordsworth could fitly song—

“ Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.”

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born on September the 25th, 1793, the daughter of George Browne, who was at the time of her birth a merchant in Liverpool. Her mother was the daughter of the Austrian and Tuscan consul, Wagner, of united German and Italian descent. Mr. Browne himself was a scion of a distinguished Irish family, the most prominent, though not the senior, branch of which being that which has the Marquis of Sligo for its head. Felicia was brought up in Wales, where the family retired when she was seven, in the wildest seclusion. She was a lovely child, as she was a lovely and most womanly woman. Married in 1812, when only seventeen, to Captain Hemans of the 4th Regiment, her gallant husband left her, on the plea of health, to reside in Rome, after she had borne him five children in six years, all sons.

They corresponded, but she never saw him again. We may pass over her cordial friendship with Sir Walter Scott, and with Wordsworth, who had the highest opinions of her great talents. Her popularity spread not only in England but in America, where Professor Norton of Harvard undertook the superintendence of a complete edition of her works.

What interests us is the personal correspondence which has come down to us.

It is not easy to make a selection from the budget of over ninety letters which Maria Smith has preserved. Most of them are, in truth, merely personal notes; some, however, are of more general interest, revealing the gentle nature of the poetess and that power of human affection so sadly denied to her married life.

When Mrs. Hemans came to Dublin, two of her five sons had left school and two were already placed with Dr. Gwynne at Castleknock, three or four miles away, while Charles, or Carl, as she calls him, the youngest, was to stay with his mother, his education being superintended by R. P. Graves, then an undergraduate, whose younger brother, the well-known Charles Graves, subsequently became Bishop of Limerick; Alfred Percival Graves, the author son of the Bishop, being his nephew.

The letters tell their own story; she had already formed a close friendship with Maria Smith. The two women shared the bond of a common sorrow—for neither were quite happily married—but both had a common joy in the things of the soul; and even

if the Muse did not accept Maria's efforts, at least she entrusted to her love and care one of the tenderest and most gifted souls that ever tenanted a house of clay.

Many of the later letters are written in pencil, and from a couch. The following seems to be one of the earlier :—

“ *My dear Friend*,—Carl tells me (with some little *objurgation* on his own part) that you seem to think that I have quite forgotten you of late. Let me beg that you will exorcise such an evil goblin of the imagination with all speed. I love you *affectionately*, as I ever shall do—and I am most faithful when once attached—indeed, considering all I *have* suffered, and all I must suffer—I could almost say, would it were not so ! But you have bound me to you truly, and I do hope that returning health will ere long allow me to give myself more to your society than I have ever done. In the mean-time, my dear friend, you must think of me as one not only loving, but appreciating all that has developed upon me in becoming acquainted with your heart and mind—and I think I shall make you love *me* also more and more, and yet be enabled to shed some pleasure and brightness over your future hours, when the deep clouds which have so long hung around me shall have melted away.

“ I am ever, faithfully and affectionately yours,

“ FELICIA HEMANS.”

The next letter cannot be later than the winter of 1832-33, as Lord Anglesey, whom she mentions, resigned the Vice-royalty the following summer :—

“ *My darling Love*,—My cold is not improved by last night, as the coming out was tremendous. I had half-a-mile to walk to the carriage, and there was a great crowd of the most select people Dublin *could* afford. I did not miss *one* of the *high ton*, Lord Anglesey at the head—I saw all the Clarkes and Morgans ; the Opera went off uncommonly well ; Miss Healy has a delightful and powerful voice, tho' the papers say *not* the *latter*, she is young and rather pretty and will improve ; her high notes are beautiful.

I did not think much of Bligh or the Italians; Figaro by Latham was admirable—Ormit is a good Bombastes, but it is a piece I don't much like—nor was it very well got up—altogether it was worth seeing, tho' I scarce think I will go again . . . F. H."

The next letter refers to the dreadful epidemic of cholera in the summer of 1832. Felicia Hemans, while taking thought for her children, was entirely without fear for herself. She tells us somewhere how she never allowed any outward circumstance to disturb the calm of her mind. She loved nature "with all a poet's ecstasy": she was full of the joy of life.

(In pencil).

(Summer, 1832).

"*Darling Love*,—Before I set out I *must* scribble you a line—first, how is Robert*—I trust, getting better, tho' the accounts of the cholera to-day are *truly* awful—Bessy feared to let the girls go to-night—I am only taking Winder and Geraldine. I am told To-morrow is the Day we should go to the Regatta, 8 boats to sail and the Prize the Princess Vittoria's Cup—what do you say, would you come? I shall hear more about it To-night and let you know in the morning.

"God bless you, Darling. Yr. own, F. H."

Who was "Princess Vittoria"?—so she writes the name.

Here is yet another little personal note:—

"*My dear Friend*,—Would you be kind enough to lend me the carriage for a little while between two and three o'clock to-day, or whenever it is most convenient, to take some of my most valuable books down to *Grattan Street*. I do not mean to pack them for so short a distance, as they always get injured. Oh! I wish you could have enjoyed with us the bright water and pure skies of the Dargle! I felt all the joy of Childhood in the "green places" again and have been, notwithstanding all fatigue, happier and better ever since. I will come and see you as soon as possible.

"Ever your affectionate F. H."

* Mrs. Smith's son.

Is it to this visit to the beautiful Dargle Valley, near Bray, Co. Wicklow, to which she refers in her verses in 1834 ?

“ ’Twas a bright moment of my life when first,
O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing !
That temple-chamber of thy glory burst
On my glad sight ! Thy pebbly couch lay glowing
With deep mosaic hues ; and richly throwing
O’er thy cliff walls a tinge of autumn’s vest.
High bloomed the heath-flowers, and the wild wood’s crest
Was touch’d with gold.”

But even literary *côteries* like that of Lady Morgan did not attract her ; indeed it is plain enough that Mrs. Hemans was not at all favourably impressed by “ Lady M.,” who was some years her senior. Incidentally she is betrayed into a view of marriage far from Christian.

“ *My dear Friend*,— I shall be glad to go out with you to-morrow at a little *before* one, if not inconvenient to you, as I forgot to tell you I have a home-engagement at two o’clock to-morrow. I have read, and like, more than half of the “ Buried Bride,” and think Ginevra was too happy to escape her first husband, and take refuge with her Beloved by a short *dying* and being buried—I believe many a woman would go through as much for a blessed liberty at last.

“ I hope you were not much *disappointed* about Lady M.’s party. Is she sincere in her empressments to me or not ?

‘ Y ours affectionate, F. H.”

General “ Society ” in Dublin she avoided.

“ *My dear Friend*,—I hope you will not think me quite faithless, but I have been very much pressed to meet Mr. (afterwards Sir Wm.) Hamilton of the Observatory and Captain Sabine this evening at the Vice-Provost’s. I know you like me to go into *such* society as this, and that *you will not be jealous* if I come to you to-morrow Evening instead of this. “ Ever your truly affectionate F. H.”

“ I send you Keats’s poems, some of which I think you will love !”

Here her beloved Carl goes away on a visit, leaving her ill and uncomfortable enough in her lodgings and with a stupid servant.

"*My dear Friend*,—Why did you not come to-day? The servant here, who seems to be endowed with what absolutely amounts to a *sublimity* of dullness, I found gave you some stupid wrong message,—would you send me the other volumes of "*Clarissa*"? Do you know I am almost *astonished* at the power with which Richardson has thrown quite a halo of dignity around her, *after* her apparent degradation; before that period in the story, I could neither admire nor love her. My Carl went away this morning; I shall feel lost without him, but trust *he* will be the better. I am still languid, after all the suffering with my arm; however, I hope we may be able to get to the Observatory next week. I had a long letter from Mrs. House this morning—full of kindness.

"Do not tease yourself to write, should you be weary this evening.

"Ever your affecte. F. H."

The next two letters are very characteristic of the writer, where she is just herself, dwelling deep in those spiritual interests and fellowships which were her life:—

(20, Dawson St : February 1833?).

"*My dear Friend*,—If you are well enough to drive out to-morrow, I shall be happy to go with you, and we will visit her Ladyship *Morgane* Le Fay, as the old Romances have it,—I should not, however, be able to go out before a little past two, and trust that may not be too late to suit you.—Whenever I go out earlier, I find the day so much broken that it is worth nothing to me afterwards.—Thanks to your kindness I passed a few pleasant hours the other morning with my dear Mrs. Lawrence; she had lately seen a great deal of Mr. Wordsworth, and I was much pleased to hear how affectionately he spoke of me.—You must come here soon and pass an evening with me in my new rooms, which are beginning to look very home-like.—I only wish you were a little nearer them,

"And your very affectionate, F. H."

"Mrs. Whately¹ called upon me two days ago, and I am exceedingly pleased with her, *and more and more interested in my new old friend*, Blanco White,² the more I see of him. This horrid yellow darkness prevents my writing more.

"Ever your affecte. F. H."

The next letter was probably written in 1834, and seems to refer to an expedition to the Dargle Valley with Mrs. Smith and her old friend Moore, as the allusion to his "Irish Melodies" would imply. Mrs. Hemans was staying in this neighbourhood, in Co. Wicklow, in 1834.

"*My dear Friend*.—I am quite rejoiced to hear such brilliant accounts of you, and I really think that you may now appropriate to yourself a little altered, Wordsworth's line:—

"We feel that we are greater than we know!"

I cannot quite reciprocate your bright intelligence, as I have a good deal of head-ache, but unconnected, I am sure, with any circumstance of our gallant exploit.—I fear I shall not see you to-morrow as in pure weariness of my lonely state, which I think never hung so heavily on my spirit, I have accepted an invitation to Redesdale, the Archbishop's, and shall most likely remain there till Saturday night.

"Good-bye, and do not allow 'the bloom of that valley to fade from your heart.'

'Always affectionately yours, F. H.'

A quotation from Lady Morgan's *Memoirs* (1835) may serve as a fitting conclusion to these letters. She says:—

"Mrs. Smith, Moore's first love, and the subject of his graceful song 'I'll ask the Sylph that round thee flies,' was a friend of Mrs. Hemans, the touching mention of whose last illness and death will interest the reader both for the poetess and her friend."

¹ Wife of the Archbishop (see other letters).

² He lived with the Whatelys.

" Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin,

" 24th. March, 1835.

" *My dear Lady Morgan,*

" It was no common pleasure to receive a letter from you, and I beg you to believe that I know how to value such a favour, given in the midst of all your bustle and gaiety.

" Of course, you heard of Mrs. Hemans' illness. She has long been given over. It is three weeks since her physicians owned they had no hopes, and now a few days will rob the world of one who will not be easily matched. She was *past remedy* when Dr. Graves gave her into the hands of Dr. Croker. The latter has, I believe, done all that could be done; but the constitution was gone. Her fortitude of mind and sweetness of temper shine out to the last. She is quite resigned, and will not allow a mournful look or tone at her bedside. Her sister, Mrs. Hughes, is with her, and her brother, Major Browne; and it is a comfort to know that she has every kind of care.

" Sad, most sad has been her history! Those who love her ought to rejoice when she is at peace; a lofty mind, ever soaring above the realities of life, essentially poetical, and *never otherwise*; ardent, sentient, enthusiastic, and all this contained in a frame of the most fragile delicacy. What chance had she here in Dublin, with an utter dis-relish for the kind of society that was attainable? When she was in the county of Wicklow last August, her anxiety to remain there was like the thirst of fever. Poor thing, I wish I had never known her.

" Robert¹ has been hunting the whole winter, till he is more like a horse than a man. I am hoarse with praying him to marry and be respectable; but he grows more hardened daily.

" If you have heard that we are to have drawingrooms in the *day-time*, as in London, I am sure you have laughed at the idea of it. Our whole turn out! our equipages, our poverty, alas! need the friendly cloak of night.

" Ever sincerely yours,

" *Maria Smith.*"

¹ Mrs. Smith's son, afterwards Colonel Robert Bramston-Smith, of Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin. Her other son, the brilliant Sir Francis Smith, was Physician to Lord Mulgrave when Lord Lieutenant, and an ardent "Patriot." He died in Paris, comparatively young.

We have reserved until the last what will be felt to be of some real literary interest, an extract from an early draft, in the handwriting of the poetess—but terribly illegible and scribbled over in parts—of the “Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott.” It will be remembered that the Wizard of the North passed to his rest on 21st September, 1832, which sufficiently dates the piece, and explains why this draft copy should be found among the papers of one of Mrs. Hemans’ Dublin friends.

We give the last two verses, which differ most from the final form of the poem :—

Early Dublin Draft.

Oh, in that fearful hour
When sinking human power
Its crest must bow ;
When spear and shield and crown
Are cast in weakness down,
Sustain us Thou.

Tremblers beside a grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death
Thine, only Thine !

Final Form.

O, Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disallow ;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us thou.

By Him who bow’d to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God !

The change of the last verse is noticeable. She now sees her aid for the hour of death in the Passion of Christ.

When we reflect that these touching lines were written only two and a half years before the poetess’s own death, and when she must have known that she was under the shadow of a mortal sickness, and at least guessed that her days on earth would not be very long, we can almost hear the throbbing of that gentle heart, and glance at the tears welling to those sweet eyes as she held the slender quill.

How fully answered was the prayer they breathe the *Sabbath Sonnet* bears witness. It was dictated to her brother less than three weeks before she fell asleep, without any “fearful hour,” or even a struggle !

“ yet, oh, my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill’d
My chasten’d heart, and all its throbblings, still’d
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness ! ”

When Mrs. Hemans died in May, 1835, Maria Smith was in her fifty-fifth year, and she has left but little which can be referred to the later years of her life.

The following letter, unsigned and undated, mentions Mrs. Hemans as then in Dublin, and the writer is evidently her admirer and imitator; witness the expression "my beloved," addressed to her correspondent in the third person, "Dearest Love," and the like. It is to Maria, whose husband was now dead.

Giving time for a "Hemans cultus" to have developed among the "Souls" in Dublin, one might date the letter 1833.

"Waterford, 12th. hour.

"Dearest Love,

"Having the opportunity of *a friend* going to Dublin for a few hours, yet I must devote them to scribbling a few hasty lines to my beloved.

"We have been at the Wyse's spending some pleasant days. They are such a cultivated, charming family and have a house full of such precious gems,—Pictures—Busts—Books, etc., everything of taste and literature that can be imagined. It is really a treat to be here.

.

"I long to have some account from you of Lady Morgan and her Travels. Have the Clarkes returned *as they went, exactly?*

"Don't forget to give my best wishes always to Mrs. Hemans."

Book Reviews

THE MIND IN SLEEP. By R. F. Fortune, M.A. (London : Kegan Paul, 1927. Pp. 114 xii. 5s. net.).

The title of this little book may prove somewhat misleading. It is concerned not with the general psychology of sleep, but with a rather specialised form of dream analysis. However, it can be easily read and followed by "any reader who has dreams and on occasion remembers them."

Among the very numerous methods of classifying dreams they may be arranged in the following four groups :

"Dreaming may be the dramatization of actual thoughts of waking life. It may be, again, a complete inversion of such thought. It may be so far removed from waking reality that explanation is impossible within the terms of present knowledge. Finally, it may be the release of a repressed tendency which has been repressed as the result of waking conflicts." (P. 2). It is with the last of these groups of dreams that Mr. Fortune is concerned, and has devised a hypothesis for their explanation.

According to Freud, as we all know, dreams arise owing to the conflict between pairs of impulses, the stronger of which during waking life represses the weaker. In sleep, the weaker impulse may find expression as the manifest content of a dream.

W. H. Rivers, both by temperament and by experience, was unable to accept Freud's theory in its entirety, and proposed an alternative explanation according to which the dream is the result of an attempt to solve in sleep a conflict which is disturbing the waking life.

Neither Freud's original explanation nor its modifications appear to afford much help in explaining a curious condition recognised by the first man who said : "Dreams go by contraries," and recently formulated by Mr. Robert Graves : "When a person is in conflict between two selves, and one self is stronger than the other through waking life, the weaker side becomes victorious in the dream."

Mr. Fortune has been able to explain this condition in terms of the operation of a mechanism which he calls *Surrogation*.

The repressed impulse, when it enters into the composition of a dream, appears in the symbolic form it has adopted to evade the censor. These symbols have been intensively studied and catalogued by Freud and his school, and in the course of time are bound to become so widely known that they will lose all powers of disguise. Then, I presume, the repressed impulses will be compelled to adopt a new outfit of symbols if they are to escape the notice of a trained censor on the look-out for clocks, mouse-traps, corkscrews, and such highly suggestive dream-images.

In *Surrogation*, Mr. Fortune has recognised another and more subtle way in which a repressed impulse may escape the censor. This it does by utilizing the presence of a less repressed experience, or *surrogate*, and thus disarms, or *envelopes* the censor. The nexus between the original submergent component and the *surrogate* may be established in several ways traced by Mr. Fortune, and explained with the aid of small diagrams. Half a dozen dreams are discussed in the light of this new hypothesis, which promises to find wide application.

W. F.

THE APPROACH TO PAINTING. By Thomas Bodkin. (Bell & Co., 7s. 6d. net.).

The "Approach to Painting" is, we are told, "designed for educated men and women who realise the pleasure and profit to be derived from an intelligent appreciation of pictorial art, and who desire guidance in their study." A work of this kind has been, we fancy, much needed. Mr. Bodkin devotes his first five chapters to the different aspects of the appeal which pictures make, and under this aspect insinuates in the reader an interest in aesthetic theory in general. There are the various approaches, philosophic, analytic, technical, casual, and the approach by siege. Mr. Bodkin is read widely in the theories of art; but with Croce he definitely rejects the view that there is, properly speaking, a science of aesthetics.

One does not understand in order to love; rather, one loves in order to understand; a philosophic understanding of pictures is not different from a philosophic understanding of one's neighbour, and might be described as a grace. However, there are other understandings than the philosophic, and Mr. Bodkin's chapters on the technique of painting, and on the elements of draughtmanship, are simply expositions of the origins of the decorative qualities in pictures admirably adapted for those entering as "novitiates" into the great galleries of the world.

There are also "casual delights" in all fine pictures—these are the delights which most people first savour, need not be disclaimed, although from the standpoint of aesthetic puritans, the "plain man" may be inclined to overstress them. The latter part of the book provides detailed comment on a number of great masterpieces. In some twenty chapters Mr. Bodkin gives a succinct description, historical, technical, and analytical, of some twenty famous works of art, illustrating his text with reproductions. Thus are instilled further into the minds of the reader the elements of art-appreciation. Mr. Bodkin writes not to parade his knowledge and his condescension, but to make his readers share his own enjoyment; here he differs pleasantly from many of his confreres in art-criticism. A book so straightforward in style, so excellently constructed, and so generous in spirit, should meet with decided success.

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THE CYDER FEAST AND OTHER POEMS. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.).

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is a prolific poet. There are twenty-five short poems in his new volume, a continuation of his *Hortus Conclusus* series which is finally to contain his lyrical work. Besides which Mr. Sitwell presents us with two pastoral poems, *Cyder Feast* and *Chamber Idyll*, a third canto of his *Doctor Donne* and *Gargantua*, a descriptive piece, *The Renshaw Woods*, the meditative *Convent Thoughts in Cadiz*, and what he calls "Three Torsos," or *Canons of Giant Art* produced after seeing *El Greco's Laocoon* at Basel.

Those who look for eccentricity under the name Sitwell, will be a little disappointed by this book. The stranger ways of the Modernists are not apparent in the verse of Sacheverell Sitwell. As a matter of fact in form and tradition his poetry is rather of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than of our own day. Mr. Sitwell's mood, especially in the lyrical and pastoral pieces, is the

classical one. It is true, on the other hand, that his philosophy or personal intuition of the world is presented in an oblique manner. There is this philosophy or intuition even in his descriptive pieces, for those are never purely descriptive, but have always an element in them of his individual fantasy.

But Mr. Sitwell is a leisurely poet, rather verbose; he repels quick intimacy, and does not open his heart to the first comer. Doctor Donne and Gargantua, of which the third canto is given in this book, may be taken as Mr. Sitwell's chief attempt hitherto to reveal in fantasy entirely detached from emotion, a poet's attitude towards life. The "Three Torsos" weighted with learning like the *Southern Boroque Art*—Mr. Sitwell's highly and rightly admired prose work—are long literary arguments, exceedingly interesting, though as poetry they do not wholly convince. X.

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THE WONDER-SMITH AND HIS SON. Retold by Ella Young. Illustrated by Boris Artzybashaff. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd, 7s. 6d.)

This is "A tale from the Golden Childhood of the World," which should be familiar to readers, as it first appeared in *The Dublin Magazine* in serial form, with decorations by Art O Murnaghan.

In the foreword which is addressed "to the children who will read this book" the author carries them in their imagination to the remote romantic places where she heard these tales, and in the retelling of them they are with her "in the cottages of Gaelic-speaking Ireland and Scotland . . . in County Clare, huddled between a strong mountain and a boulder-strewn beach, where the Atlantic surges leap with a playful roar to the land after their long sea-run from America . . . in Achill Island . . . in brown sailing boats . . . on rocky hillsides." The stories are full of wonder, of joy in the beauties of nature, "of sunshine and sweet air and wide empty spaces."

In retelling these tales, Miss Young has amplified them and has given them a form peculiar to her own delightful style, so crystal clear and full of beautiful detail. Here is the account of the obedient hound harkening to the Gubbaun Saor with news of the return of Annya and his son.

"The hound stretched himself in his running. He was like a salmon that silvers in mid-leap; like the wind through a forest of sedges; like the sun-track on dark waters; and he was like that in his running, till he lay down by the Gubbaun Saor's threshold," and the description of the preparation for their home-coming which is characteristic of Miss Young's telling:

"The Gubbaun piled up a fire of welcome. Beneath it he put nine sacred stones taken from the cavern of the Dragon of the Winds. He laid hazel-wood on the pile for wisdom; and oak for enduring prosperity; and black-thorn boughs to win favour of the stars. Quicken wood he had, and ancient yew, and silver-branched holly. Ash, he had, too, on the pile, and thorn, and wood of the apple-tree"

"Outside, joyously, rose the baying of the hound. They were coming! The Gubbaun set fire a-leap in the piled-up wood, and ran to meet them."

Then follows a description of the fire in that short crisp staccato manner which is so unusual in English prose. Her descriptions are full of poetic fancy and delicate colouring: "The Gubbaun Saor had every colour in his eyes;

they were grey at times like the twilight, green like the winter dawn, amber like bog-water in sunlight."

As a book, these stories will make a delightful present for children, and will surely find an honoured place in their book-shelves beside Miss Young's earlier Celtic wonder tales.

E. MACC.

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HOW TO STUDY A PICTURE. By G. F. H. Berkeley. The Talbot Press, Ltd., (s. net.).

This is a little book which may be useful to those who would like to have a few elementary principles with which to begin the study of pictures. The average person untrained in the appreciation of pictorial art, naturally enough, feels rather bewildered at an exhibition of pictures, or in the National Gallery, with the variety and form of the pictures, and at a loss to know how he should approach them. He may find much help in these notes, which do not profess to be original, but are gathered together and "almost entirely drawn," as Mr. Berkeley tells us, "from Notes on the science of Picture-making" by Sir Charles Holmes, the Slade Professor at Oxford.

E. MACC.

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CELIBATE LIVES. By George Moore. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.).

This is the third volume of a new uniform edition of George Moore's works. It is a reprint, with the exception of one story, of "In Single Strictness," which was published five years ago in a limited edition only. Mr. Moore has written a new foreword, including a snatch of imaginary conversation between the author and R. L. S., and has substituted the story of Albert Nobbs from "A Story-teller's Holiday" for that of "Hugh Monfert" which failed to satisfy him because it lacked the "melodic line."

What he wrote in 1922 in his preface to "In Single Strictness" describes this later work. "For the unfolding of my subject more than one story was needed; but the temperaments of the people in the stories are so closely related that I look upon this book as a single narrative, divided into five chapters," and the subject which is the common theme of the different stories is celibacy rather as a natural state of mind than as a state brought about by circumstances or by design.

In these stories the unity aimed at is maintained by incomparable skill. Again he displays his remarkable power of telling a beautiful tale, full of sympathy and gentle pathos about a character which, to the ordinary observer, might seem too dull or too insignificant to chose for artistic creation; and he unfolds this character in a manner which is the perfection of his style at its best. Such, for example, is the story of Wilfred Holmes. He is the spoilt child grown up, leaning on the affectionate care and indulgence of his widowed mother. He is unable to decide a career for himself; a convenient allowance from an Aunt on which he can exist saves him from the necessity of earning a decent living, and encourages him to fritter away his life from day to day in one absurd and profitless pursuit or another. It is a tale of waste and utter futility, yet George Moore can tell it with great psychological insight, engaging all the while the

reader's interest, exciting his sympathy by viewing his creature from the angle from which, perhaps, his mother saw him—a sort of half "idiot boy," loved and cherished by her.

In the story of Pricilla and Emily Lofft, the subject he treats of expands and unfolds itself. Here are two characters who possess the celibate state of mind, not through defect, but by nature's dispensation. Albert Nobbs, on the other hand, is a celibate first from force of rather amazing circumstances and then from the habit of mind arising out of them. It is a tale by which Mr. Moore delights the reader with—surprise, excellently told with a pathos and that still sad music of humanity, that plays about all these celibate lives.

Of this little gallery of portraits, perhaps, Henriette Marr is the least pleasing, and if a jarring note is to be found in the "melodic line," or the smooth unity in the unfolding of his subject, it is here.

Susan Mitchell says that in *Esther Waters* the life of a servant girl was treated for the first time in literature with the sincerity of an artist, and in *Sara Gwynn* we have the same subject and the same sincerity of treatment. The story of *Sara* is sympathetically told by the contrivance of the plot, while the mystery of her doubtful behaviour is cleared up by a beautiful solution as pure and undefiled as the girl's own nature. It is not free from Mr. Moore's irresistible temptation to tilt at religion and the monastic life, and there is a trace of malicious satire and sardonic humour in his story of the ill-gotten means by which the postulant gained entrance into the poverty-stricken convent in Wales!

The main theme of George Moore's earlier books is love, but in "*Celibate Lives*" he proves that love in the accepted sense is not necessary for his art. He is occupied here with the study of insignificant people whom the world passed by unheeding, but the quiet beauty and individuality of whose unobtrusive lines were observed and recreated by him, so that they glow in the reflection of their own pale light. "That all things that live are to be pitied," he wrote, in the preface to the 1899 edition of *Esther Waters*, "is the lesson that I learn from reading my book and that others may learn as much is my hope," and what he learned then bears fruit in these studies and leads him to the question as to the use of these ineffectual folk to the world. Reflecting on this, he regards Wilfred Holmes as "one of those weak, timid, harmless souls," come out of the mould that nature reserves for some great purpose known only to herself, mayhap the preservation of pity and compassion in the world." That pity and compassion in Mr. Moore are expressed in the unfolding of these characters.

In his style he has overcome the too obvious influence of his master Pater which rather spoiled his *Heloise and Abelard*, and in these stories he practises an economy of expression that comes to him in his search for the melodic line and his preoccupation with clear accurate etching of his portraits, and gives charm to his narrative and beauty to his pictures.

E. MACC.

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WASTE CORNER. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. (London: Christophers, 7s. 6d. net).

There is insight and imagination in this book. An understanding and sympathetic outlook, and at the same time a determination to gloss over nothing for conventional reasons. And yet there is little realism in its atmosphere, for

all is steeped in the quaint and picturesque feeling of the South England rural dialect which the author uses. Indeed one feels that she has bestowed much care upon the polish of these conversations. And so, though the conditions of life she portrays are sordid and some of the incidents unsavoury, her skill in this respect makes her book ironical and fantastical, rather than the slice of aching human nature, which it could so easily have been.

Mrs. Manning-Sanders is a careful worker. Her impulses never sweep over her in gusts. She gets the outline of her picture in correct detail, with an almost too easy facility, and there is just the feeling in the mind of the reader that she has not looked quite down into the depths that she hovers over. But judging her work from the perspective indicated by the title "Waste Corner" it is evident that it is not so much the tragedy of existence she is dealing with here, as the almost cynical futility of so much of human life. And from this aspect she has certainly succeeded marvellously well in her undertaking and lets us plainly see that in the bewildering mass of trivial misfortunes and disconcerting accidents spread broadcast through humanity there is still, even for the most wretched, a residuum of content and a core of modified happiness.

The characterisation is particularly worthy of note. There is nothing scamped here. The chief figures stand out clearly and definitely realized. James Kneebone and his daughter Matilda May, full of ripe essential human nature, and Mrs. Kneebone, a very clever study of a fantastical woman with an ill-balanced mind, bubbling over with whimsicalities and abnormalities, and yet recognisably real. Willie Jewel, the lay preacher, does not strike me as fairly representative of his class, and seems to indicate a want of inside knowledge on Mrs. Manning-Sanders' part of this type. But the minor figure of T. M. Punto the local moneylender leaps into the imagination with amazing vitality.

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PRIMORDIA CAECA. Poems by John Lyle Donaghy. Dublin: Eason and Son, Ltd.).

Mr. Donaghy deals with high themes in his book. He is no loiterer playing with transient matters. His preoccupation is with the great unanswered questions of life. It is hard enough to be a poet about trivial affairs. It is infinitely more difficult when the aim is higher. And I must admit that in this little book of thirty-three pages Mr. Donaghy has established himself to my mind, as an authentic poet. The corroborating manifestations do not appear on every page. For instance I rule out altogether the longest item "The Pit," occupying twenty pages. I do not wish to read this again. I shudder at the very thought of those long involved sentences which are neither prose or poetry. But on page 23 with "The Dawn Streams," Mr. Donaghy begins to be a poet, and keeps it up for the next ten pages, to the end of the book. There are snatches of ecstasy here, half-caught. Heights just explored, and depths suggested, and a new human experience indicated. It is all summed up for me in the title of the last poem "Wind-water." Mr. Donaghy should have given this name to his book. For out of this coalescing world of wind and water he gets whatever is individual in his work. These pages read to me like little symphonies in words. I do not

care to ask for their exact meaning. It is enough to catch from them the impulse that urges him, (as he writes in "The Dawn Streams") :

" Out through the white dawn to dip my hands into the bodiless eternal source."

The wisdom of intuition is Mr. Donaghy's strong point at present. The appropriate beauty of phrasing, and modelling of the component parts of a poem, are not so evident. But indications of these necessary qualifications are not altogether absent. They will come of their own accord with a developing mind, or they will not come at all. These matters are beyond human computation. And if they don't come, we shall at any rate have in Mr. Donaghy a writer who cares more for thought than phrase-spinning. And as Mr. Donaghy evidently wants to be a poet, I pray the gods to be kindly to him, for he has given me real pleasure in reading the portion of his book named.

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DIFFICULT LOVE. By L. A. G. Strong. (Blackwell : Oxford. 5s. net).

The greatest living poet once said to me à propos of young verse-writers " They should study Donne and the Elizabethans." It would seem as if Mr. Strong has wisely given himself this advice, for this new volume of his contains lyrics compact with thought, yet expressed with that beautiful, effortless economy characteristic of sixteenth century poetry. " The Saints," for example :—

" Be it the breast of the swan on a quivering maid
" A lightning, a shower of gold, or a murmuring angel,
We are with child of God, and the Bastardy brings us
Faith, redemption, a madness to fight the world
In terrible anger and love, and be crucified."

The poet has travelled a long way since " Dublin Days," which, though promising, was limited in range. His muse can now execute the most sophisticated and intricate *pas seuls* as well as her earlier folk-dances, nor has she sacrificed depth of feeling to technical skill. This book is mainly concerned with an attempt to answer Socrates' question " Diotima what is love then ? " and one feels that here is a worthy protagonist of Alcibiades and Agathon, and one who does not shirk the issue.

" Strain past your reach
And lease the valiant body to a dream
Losing the lessons that the blood can teach,
Losing the road of speech,
And our known measurement of mote and beam.

Then she you love cries out that you are cold
And spirit whimpers in his bony wall,
Then you are old,
And in the end of all
Dream-ridden and disconsolate you stand
With a lost paradise on either hand."

Short poems seem to suit the poet better than long. Neither " The Bees " nor " Talk at the Inn " quite come off, although I admit to being prejudiced by the dialect in the latter. He has, however, a neat way with an epigram. The

"Epitaphs" inevitably invite comparison with the Anthology, not at all to their author's disadvantage as he shares with the Greeks, like many Irish writers, a peculiar sort of passionate irony.

"Where she fell swearing hand to side
The old tramp woman lies.
For every bitter year of her life
A raven flies,
And the black, ungainly procession
Flaps over the skies."

The chief thing about all these poems is that they are serious work and spring from imagination rather than fancy. Whatever the political issue, a country who counts a Higgins, a Clarke and a Strong among her younger writers has at least no cause to complain of her poetical situation.

M. S. P.

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RHAPSODY. By Dorothy Edwards. (Wishart: 7s. net).

These ten short stories rely for their effect on the finer shades rather than on any startling climax or intricacy of plot. It is interesting to find that some aspect of music enters into nearly all, for they resemble the latter art in that each is a delicate fabric woven about a central motif. The success of this method depends on acute psychological touches and significant omissions, and that most of them do succeed is the more surprising, considering that the motif in many cases is the elusive and difficult one of youth. Miss Edwards creates some exquisite young girls; Elizabeth, in "Sweet Grapes," blinded by phenomena and lavishing everything, as the sensitive, generous young so frequently do, on a casual guest, an elderly, rather selfish author.

"Of course it was all very awkward for him, and it is not easy to fit in exactly with a young girl's ideas of life, for it is for her still very much like a fairy tale, and yet it seems a pity that something so like a flower, like a young rose, you know, should have to cry all night."

Leonora in "Summer Time," Rahel in "A Garland of Earth" and Ruth in "The Conquered," although quite different in character, are all burningly alive and the essence of impulsive incalculable, inarticulate youth. The last story is the best in the book. Its subject is a man's successive reactions to a beautiful girl, Gwyneth, who has all the graces except that of sorrow. Fascinated at first by her charm, gaiety and talent, by degrees her marble-like hardness irritates him, and ultimately drives him away:

" . . . it seems to me now that the world is made up of gay people and sad people, and however charming and beautiful the gay people are, their souls can never really meet the souls of those who are born for suffering and melancholy, simply because they are made in a different mould."

How profoundly true!

The style is of an extreme simplicity without any of that cold preciosity which to my mind has disfigured the work of many of Miss Edward's contem-

poraries in the short story of atmosphere. It may be that she has a heart as well as a very sound intellect. In any case it is a beautiful book, and one looks forward to a novel by the same pen.

M. S. P.

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NAPOLEON. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.).

Emil Ludwig has more than justified himself in adding another book to the mass of Napoleonic literature. He conceived the idea of writing the story of the inner life, the spiritual biography of Napoleon, and he has carried out his conception with scholarship and with the aid of an exceedingly vivid recreative imagination. The book is thoughtful and well designed; it has a continuity, an essential unity, which stamp it as the work of a literary artist. Also it has been excellently translated. Incidentally, it makes one wonder why anyone should ever have written a "historical novel" about Napoleon, the truth in this so far surpasses fiction. Its fault lies in this, that the author occasionally allows himself to be carried away—for example, when he says that Napoleon failed to conquer England "because that was the one matter in which he was not confident of victory."

For a precedent for his dreams of empire Napoleon had to go back to classical antiquity. The East attracted him, and he would fain have followed in Alexander's footsteps. Yet he was also essentially modern, the genius of economy in his administration, the man who (while he was still only General Buonaparte) made use of an able journalist—"the first publicity agent in history." And when he set out upon his Egyptian campaign it was in a modern spirit that he brought engineers, chemists, antiquarians and the rest for a thorough investigation, and made speculations concerning the cutting of a canal in the Isthmus of Suez which anticipated the ideas of Lesseps by half a century.

Extraordinary energy, unbounded confidence in himself and in his destiny, imagination, concentration, a marvellous memory, these are the qualities of his success. Others have had as great vision, or as great energy and powers of cool calculation. It is the extraordinary combination of these qualities, developed to such an extent, which made Napoleon a superman. Roederer speaks of his power of devoting himself for ten hours at a stretch to one subject without allowing himself to be distracted by memory or errant thoughts.

To a man in the grip of such daemons of energy and ambition life was all too short, the pace had to be rapid. This and the circumstances of his rise, which made it necessary for him to be always on the ascent, lest he should fall, made his career the blood-coloured thing it was. For it must be admitted that he had other and higher ideas. He himself declared that in the long run the sword will always be conquered by the spirit. "In the long run"—here, we imagine, was the rub. Napoleon could not wait. In his political testament, from St. Helena, he says: "I cut the Gordian knot of nations; at the present day it must be untied."

Emil Ludwig is to be congratulated upon a remarkable book, which makes absorbing reading.

E. G. K.

THE NOEL DOUGLAS REPLICAS.

SPENSER AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION. Reproduced (photographically) from the first edition (1595). (Roy. 32mo. 5s. net. Limited edition, 100 copies, 25s.).

If Mr. Douglas has not kept his best wine to the last, he has nevertheless given us in this, the last of his replicas to be published this season, a reprint in every way fit to take its place with that exquisite company with which the name of Mr. Douglas will always be associated in the minds of bookmen. The *Epithalamion*, short as it is, has a peculiar interest to students of Spenser as one of those few works in which the Prince of Poets has, to some extent, "unlocked his heart." Written, as he tells us, "his own Love's prayes to resound," it was, in fact, the poet's commemoration of his marriage with that Irish lady, "fourth Mayd" of the *Faery Queen* and the third Elizabeth of the *Amoretti*, with whom he was joined in marriage at Cork in the year 1594. I would recommend his quaint reference to the "merchants' daughters of the towne," and again his admonition, "Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne," to the attention of those Corkonians who are in the habit of thinking of the southern city "more highly than they ought to think."

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As we go to press we have received from Mr. Douglas the first six numbers of his newest venture, "The Ormond Poets." These finely-printed booklets consist of well-chosen selections from the poems of Shakespeare, Blake, Cowley, Shelley, Drayton and Herrick. Each booklet has 64 pages, and at price at which Mr. Douglas has contrived to produce them (1s. paper and 2s. cloth) they should have an instantaneous success.

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RYMES OF THE MINSTRELS. Selected from a manuscript of the Fifteenth Century and now printed at the High House Press, Shaftesbury, Dorset. (Demy 8vo, 32 pages, 200 copies, quarter buckram, 8s. 6d.; and 30 copies (of which 25 only are for sale) on hand-made paper, price 17s. 6d.).

One of the most exquisite pieces of printing I have seen of recent years, and a veritable triumph for Mr. J. E. Masters, who has, unaided, produced the volume. Started some few years ago in the old town of Shaftesbury, the High House Press is actually a "one man affair." Mr. Masters does his own designing, his own type-setting, his own printing, his own publishing, and this lovely reprint of the Percy Society "Rymes" shows in every little detail the enthusiasm, the taste and the super-craftsmanship of that directing mind. In addition to the present publication, Mr. Masters has recently published the following:—*Songs and Verses from Edmund Waller*, with decorations by Pickford Waller, 5s.; *Some Sonnets and Songs of Petrarch* (by W. J. Ibbett), 8s. 6d.; *Twenty Songs of Shenstone*, 8s. 6d.; and amongst his announcements we note with special interest *The Vigil of Venus* (Parnell's translation), 8s. 6d., and a reprint of *Cocke Lorettes Bote*, from the unique copy printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The prices at which Mr. Masters offers these books should bring them within the reach of all collectors, and the "few copies" of the High Press Booklets which he tells us "are still

available " should not long remain so at the ridiculously low figure at which they are to be had. Mr. Masters deserves and, I feel certain, will have the appreciation of all who care for beautiful books.

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NEW LIGHT ON ALLAN RAMSAY. By Andrew Gibson. With Illustrations. (8vo, pp. 152. Edinburgh: William Brown).

Under this modest-sounding title Mr. Gibson has given us one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of Ramsay's life and work, and it may be safely stated that the ground covered in his preparation for this book will never have to be re-trodden by any future worker in the field. The first, or bibliographical, portion, although it is mainly concerned with the correction of errors made by previous biographers, contains a considerable mass of material which will be new to students of the poet, especially in regard to his connection with the Easy Club and those early sheets and broadsides which have hitherto strewn the path of the bibliographer with pitfalls. The second portion consists of a descriptive catalogue, richly illustrated by notes, of the genuine editions of Ramsay's poetical compositions printed between the years 1713 and 1720. The six title-pages reproduced in facsimile give an added value to this unpretentious little volume which, for its enthusiastic and thorough research work, is an outstanding example of what such a book should be.

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A PICTURE BOOK OF BOOKBINDINGS. Part I. Before 1550; Part 2. 1550-1800. (H.M. Stationery Office. 7d. each, post free).

Forty examples, finely reproduced, of bindings of various countries, preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Each part is prefaced by a short and useful preface, tracing very briefly the history of bookbinding from its beginning in the fourth century to the end of the eighteenth century. One of the last illustrations in the second part is a very beautiful example of an Irish binding, red morocco, with the white inlaid panel (diamond shaped in this instance) which is a characteristic feature of Dublin binding in the eighteenth century.

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Amongst some notable reprints which have reached us, and which we are compelled to hold over for notice in our next number, are the following:—

POETRY AND PROSE OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Complete in one volume. (The Nonesuch Press. Buckram, pp. 1,152, price 12s. 6d.; stained parchment, 21s.).

THE WORKS OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Plays, 2 vols. The Percy Reprints, No. 6. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 15s. net.).

THE FOUNTAIN. By Dr. Samuel Johnson. Baskerville Series, No. 1. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.).

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB. By George Daniel. Baskerville Series, No. 2. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.).

